





Newburgh Hamilton

THE
WORKS
OF
Capt. *ALEX. RADCLIFFE*
In one Volume.

VIZ:

David's Travestie : Or	}	{	Likewise his Ramble, an Anti-Heroick Po- em, with several Mis- cellanies.
a Burlesque upon O-			
vid's Epistles.			

The Third Edition Augmented.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Lute in St.
Paul's Church-Yard MDCXCVI.

W O R K S

OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM
OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

46-70-4-765



Ovid Travestie,
A
B U R L E S Q U E
U P O N
Ovids Epistles.

*The Third Edition, Enlarged with Ten
Epistles never before Printed.*

B Y

Captain *Alexander Radcliffe*, of
Gray's-Inn.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*; and are to be Sold by *Richard
Wellington*, at the *Lute* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.
MDCXCVI.

T O
ROBERT FAIRBEARD
O F
GRAY SINN, *Esquire.*

S I R,

HAVING committed these
Epistles to the Press, I
was horribly put to't for
a Patron—I thought of some great
Lord, or some Angelique Lady;
but then again consider'd I should
never be able to adorn my Dedi-
cation with benign Beams, corus-
cant Rays, and the Devil and all
of Influence. At last I heard my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

good Friend Mr. Fairbeard was
come to Town--nay then---all's well
enough. To you therefore I offer this
English Ovid, to whom you may
not be unaptly compar'd in several
parcels of your Life and Conversa-
tion, only with this exception, That
you have nothing of his Tristibus
you.

'Tis you who Burlesque all the
Foppery and conceited Gravity of
the Age. I remember you once told
a grave affected Advocate, That he
Burlesqu'd God's Image, for God
had made him after his own Like-
ness, but he made himself look like
an Ass.

Upon

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Upon the whole matter I am very well satisf'd in my Choice of you for my Judge ; if you speak well of the Book, 'tis all I desire, and the Bookseller will have reason to rejoyce: tho' by your appaobation you may draw upon your self a grand Inconvenience ; for perhaps you may too often have Songs, Sonets, Madrigals, and an innumerable Army of Stanza's obtruded upon you by

Sir,

Octob, 28th.

1680

Your humble Servant,

Alex. Radcliffe.

A 3

TO

The [illegible] [illegible]

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TO THE
READER.

Occasioned by the

PREFACE

To a late Book call'd

The WITS Paraphras'd.

BEfore I shall give you any Account of our Old Friend *Ovid*, or of his *Life*, I am to inform you, that his *Epistles* have been ingeniously and correctly translated by several Gentlemen; and withall, that he was of a good Family, and a brave Fellow was he.
Now,

To the Reader.

Now, since the unhappy Accident of his Death, his Ghost has been lately attempted to be rais'd by an unlucky Pretender to Poetry, who indeed hath not skill enough to disturb his Manes: He calls his Book, *The Wits Parapbras'd*, or, *Paraphrase upon Paraphrase*, that is, *Thron, Pelion upon Ossa, Ossa upon Pelion*, and away with it. This Book he has dedicated to his Patron Julian, Secretary to the Muses, in hopes that he may get and Under Writers Place somewhere about *Pernassus*: but alas! how can he ever hope for Preferment, when he has blasphem'd the best Poets of our Age, by mistaking Innocence for Ignorance: I wish to God the last may not rise up in Judgment against him. He (good Soul) is (as appears in his Epistle to his Patron) for none of your High Flights; but, like an humble Sinner in a strict Diet, makes all his *similies* of *Cloose-Stools* with *Velvet-Seats*, and *Pans* that receive the Excrement. God save us: What are we when we are left to our selves.

Now

To the Reader.

Now for his *Preface*, he would imitate that ingenious one of Mr. Dryden's to *Ovid's Epistles*, in beginning with *Ovid's Life*, which hath been wrote by as many Men as there is *Lives* in *Plutarch*. And again, our *Paraphrafer* saies, That *Ovid* was as good a Wit as Himself, or any other Translator; and, to prove that, he saies, *Nescivit quod bene cessit*, &c. He might as aptly have said,

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret.

Then he saies, That he could find no such thing as *Clubbing* with *Ovid* in all the Catalogue of *Virgil*, *Catullus*, *Propertius* or *Tibullus*: very truly said: for I suppose he knows nothing farther of those Authors than the Catalogue.

Oh Tempus! Oh Mores!

The more the merrier!

He

To the Reader.

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He

To the Reader.

He wonders, that so many Workmen should put their Shreds and Thrums together to dress *Ovid* in a Buffoon's Coat ! why a silly Quaker, in plain Taunton Serge, thinks a Scarlet Coat embroider'd to be the Old Serpent !

He questions not but that there are more Fools in the World of his Opinion. (The true Question is, whether he is not single ?)

Then he affirms, that, in his own simple naked shape, he comes nearer the Original, than the best of 'em ; when in *Sappho* to *Phaon* he begins at the sixth Distich, *Arva Phaon celebrat*, &c. and goes back to the fifth, *Uror ut in Domitis*, &c. leaving out the eight Verses preceeding, by which you may easily guess that he had no other Authority for his Paraphrase (as he calls it) than the Translation : 'Tis something strange, that neither *Ovid* himself, nor Ninteen Judicious Translators, can give this Gentleman the least hint or light into *Publius Ovidius Naso's* meaning.

Quo

To the Reader

Quo te mori pedes ? —

Now on a sudden he's started from Poetry, and is possess'd with the Spirit of sub-lunary Wealth, and wishes with all his heart that he were as rich as a M. or a C. then would he quit all his title to *Pernassus*, and engage never to write: oh, never to write any more, that is to say, he'd be so unconscionable as to have a good Estate for nothing:

God prosper long our Noble King —

Now, as he saies, the late Translators have already clipp'd the Original, and why should not he clip too: whereas my fear is, he hath clipp'd *Ovid* so close that it will hardly go:

When first King Henry, &c.

To the Reader.

I believe no Book hath had severer usage than our *Paraphrasers*; for saies he, it was hurry'd into the Press before it cou'd make any defence for it self: Now the meaning on't is, if it had met with impartial Judges, it had never been Printed.

The Glories of our Birth and State, &c.

But to conclude; Having wonderfully shew'd his Reading in his Preface to his aforesaid *VVits Paraphras'd*; in Scraps of old *Latin*; and at last, to his eternal Glory, one bit of false *Greek*; he is so far encourag'd, that he gives any man a Challenge in *Chaldee*, *Arabick*, and *Syriack*, though he confesses he knows nothing of the matter: But, to try him, I'll leave him with this *Syriack Hexamiter*.

Erytit ut alutap snabucer bus enim get igaf.

And

To the Reader.

And to let you know that this last Verse, though something rough, is not the effect of Indignation, I part friendly; only with this Advice, That our *Parabrase* would consider, and follow any other Employment, more agreeable with his Genius (if he have any) then that of Poetry.

THE

To the Reader

And to let you know that
I have thought long and hard
on the best of the
Gospel and have
found it to be
the only way to
follow the
will of God
and to be
happy in this
world and the
next
I have written
this book
to let you know
that I have
found the way
to the Kingdom
of God
and to let you know
that I have
found the way
to the Kingdom
of God

THE

THE TABLE.

S <i>Apho to Phaon,</i>	Pag. 1.
<i>Phillis to Demophoon,</i>	p. 2
<i>Hypermnestra to Linus,</i>	p. 16
<i>Hermione to Orestes,</i>	p. 22
<i>Canace to Macareus,</i>	p. 28
<i>Ariadne to Theseus,</i>	p. 37
<i>Leander to Hero,</i>	p. 45
<i>Hero's Answer,</i>	p. 54
<i>Laodamia to Proteusilaus,</i>	p. 60
<i>Oenone to Paris,</i>	p. 69
<i>Penelope to Ulysses,</i>	p. 78
<i>Phadra to Hypolitus,</i>	p. 85
<i>Hypsiphile to Jason,</i>	p. 95
<i>Paris to Hellen,</i>	p. 105
<i>Hellen to Paris.</i>	p. 119
	SAPHO

THE TABLE

P. 1	Aglio to Pison
P. 2	Pills to Democritus
P. 16	Hypocritica to Linn
P. 22	Hypocritica to Ovid
P. 28	Letter to Marcellus
P. 37	Letter to Tiberius
P. 45	Letter to Elia
P. 54	King's Answer
P. 60	Academy to Ptolemy
P. 64	Order to Paris
P. 78	Panegyric to Cyllus
P. 85	Panegyric to Hypocritus
P. 95	Hypocritica to Japhet
P. 105	Panegyric to Philus
P. 110	Letter to Linn

241

SAPHO to PHAON:

The ARGUMENT.

Sapho was a Lady very Eminent for Singing of Ballads, and upon an extraordinary Pinch, could make one well enough for her Purpose: She held a League with one Phaon, who was her Companion and Partner in the Chorus; but Phaon deserted his Consort for the Preferment of a Rubber in the Ba'nnio. Sapho took this so to heart, that she threatens to break her Neck out of a Garret Window; which if effected, might prove her utter Destruction. Authors have not agreed concerning the execution of her Design: But however she Writes him this loving and terrifying Epistle.

(to see,
When these my doggrel Rhimes you chance
You hardly will believe they came from
(me,
Till you discover Sapho's Name at bottom,
You'll not imagine who it is that wrote 'em:

I, that have often Sung—*Young Phaon strove,*
Now Sing this doleful Tune— *Farewel my Love ;*
I must not Sing new Jiggs---the more's the Pity,
But must take up with some old Mournful Ditty.
You in the *Bannio* have a place, I hear ;
I in my Garret Sweat as much, with Fear :
You can rub out a Living well enough,
My Rent's unpaid, poor *Sapho* must rub off ;
My Voice is crack't, and now I only houl,
And cannot hit a Treble for my Soul :
My Ballads lye neglected on a Shelf,
I cannot bear the Burthen by my self ;
Doll Price the Hawker offers very fair ,
She'l Sing along with me for Quarter-share ;
Sue Smith, the very same will undertake,
Their Voice is like the winding of a Jack.
Hang'em, I long to bear a Part with you,
I love to Sing , and look upon you too ;

Besides,

Besides, you know when Songs grow out of fashion,
That I can make a Ballad on occasion.
I am not very Beautiful; — God knows ;
Yet you should value one that can Compose :
Despise me not, though I'm a little Dowdy,
I can do that — same — like a bigger Body :
Perhaps you'll say I've but a tawny Skin ;
What then ? you know my Metal's good within ;
What if my Shoulder's higher than my Head ?
I've heard you say I'm Shape enough a-Bed :
The Mayor (God bless him) or the worthy Sheriffs
Do very often meet with homely Wives.
Our Master too ; that little scrubbed Draper,
Has he not got a Lady that's a Strapper ?
If you will have a Beauty, or have none,
Phaon must lye — — *Phaon* must lye alone :
I can remember, 'fore my Voice was broke,
How much in praise of me you often spoke,

And when I shook a Trill, you shook your Ears,
And swore I Sung like, what d'ee call'em--Spheres;
You kifs'd me hard, and call d me Charming witch,
I can't do't now, if you wou'd kifs my Breach.
Then you not only lik'd my airy Voice,
But in my Fleshly part you did Rejoice;
And when you clasp'd me in your brawny clutches,
You swore I mov'd my Body like a Dutches;
You clap'd my Buttocks, o're and o're agen,
I can't believe that I was crooked then.
Beware of him you Sisters of the quill,
That Sing at *Smithfield-Bars*, or *Saffron-Hill*,
Who, for an honest Living, tear your Throat;
If *Phaon* drinks w'ye you're not worth a groat:
And Ladies know, 'twill be a very hard thing
To sink from him the smallest Copper-farthing;
Avoid him all — for he has us'd me so,
Wou'd make your hearts ake, if you did but know,

My

My Hair's about my Ears, as I'm a Sinner,
He has not left me worth a Hood or Pinner.

Phaon by me unworthily has dealt,
Has got my Ring,----though 'twas but Copper gilt ;
Yet that vexes me,----Th' ungrateful Pimp
Has stole away my Peticoat with Gimp ;
Has all my Things, but had he left me any
I can't go out alone to get a Penny .

Phaon I should have had less cause to grieve,
If like a Man of Sence, you'd taken leave :
That you'd be gone, had I been ne'r so certain,
We might have drank a Pot or two at parting ;
Or fry'd some Bacon with an Egg ; or if
Into some Steaks, we'd cut a pound of Beef,
And laugh'd a while, that had been something like ;
But to steal off, was but a sneaking Trick.
My Landlady can tell, how I was troubled,
When I perceiv'd my self so plainly bubbled :

I ran like mad out at the Alley-Gate
To overtake you but it was too late:
When I consider'd I had lost my Coat,
If I had had a Knife I'd cut my Throat;
Yet notwithstanding all the ills you did,
I Dream of you as soon as I'm in Bed;
You tickle me, and cry, Do'st like it *Saff*?
Oh wonderous well! and then methinks I laugh.
Sometimes we mingle Legs, and Arms, and Thighs;
Sometimes between the sheets, methinks does rise:
But when I wake and find my Dream's in vain,
I turn to sleep only to Dream again.
When I am up, I walk about my Garret
And talk I know not what----just like a Parrot:
I move about the Room from Bed to Chair,
And have no Satisfaction any where.
The last time I remember you lay here,
We both were dry ith' Night, and went for Beer;
Into

Into the Cellar by good luck we got,
What we did there, I'm sure you ha'n't forgot:
There stands, you know, an antiquated Tub,
'Gainst which, since that, I often stand and rub;
Only to see't, as much delight I take
As if the Vessel now were full of Sack;
But more to add unto my Discontent,
There's been no Drink ith' Celler since you went.
There's nothing but affords me Misery,
My Linet in the Cage, I fear will dye:
The Bird is just like me in every thing;
Like me it pines Like me it cannot Sing.
Now *Phaon*, pray take notice what I say,
If you don't bring the things you took away;
You know my Garret is four Stories high;
From thence I'll leap, and in the Streets I'll die:
May be you will refuse to come---Do--- do,
Y' had best let *Sapho* break her Neck for you.

Your afflicted Consort, Sapho.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON:

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon was born in Holland, who took after his Father Theseus, pretending to the Art of Pyracie, he was cast upon Newcastle-Shore by adverse Winds (as the Dutch Commentators say) but we are inform'd he came hither by his own choice. No sooner arriv'd, but he heard that one Phillis, a single Woman, kept an Inn in the Town; There he took up his Quarters: Phillis observed him as a lusty Younker, and though his outward Habiliments were not very tempting; yet his person perswaded her so far, that she Married him, and entrusted him with all. After some time, he told his Wife that his Occasions call'd him into Holland to see his Father, who he said, was, a Man of mighty Substance; He promised to Return within a Month, but hath not been heard of since. Therefore she writes to him this Letter; but whether it came to his hands or no, hath been a question to this day.

Your absence does discover your Disdain,
You've done enough to make a stone complain;

You

You told me you wou'd stay a Month,---no more ;
 But by my Nature I do find 'tis four.
 I, who am Woman, and a Lover too,
 Observe the change of Moons, much more than you ;
 Indisposition in the Head, or Back,
 Informs our Sex beyond an Almanack.
 Sometimes I hop'd---but soon that Hope did sink ;
 Sometimes I thought---I knew not what to think.
 I made my--self a Liar---norwithstanding
 There was no Ship---I swore I saw you Landing.
 Some Curses on your Father I bestow,
 That old *Dutch* Rogue, think I, won't let him go ;
 But then again, that cannot likely seem,
 The Maggot bites---you're gone away from him ;
 What if you should be wrack't when hither bound ?
 No,---you're too great a Villian to be down'd.
 (Philly?
 Whom shall I blame? whom but thy self---fond
 Who hast liv'd now Thirty years, and art so silly.

When

When first you did within my Doors set footing,
I fell in Love--forsooth--A Pox of rutting ;
The Devil sure will have that Doctor *Hymen*,
Who told me, that his business was to try---men :
He did believe--you'd prove an honest Man,
Marry'em said he, with all the speed you can ;
The Good old Man his Substance to increase,
Would match a Helhound to a Saint for Fees :
You swore such dreadful Oaths as ne'r was heard,
By th' *Belgick* Lyon, and the Pirnce's Beard ;
By *Opdam's* Ghost, and by the Dragon's Tail,
B' your Father's Head, and Mother's Farthingale ;
By the great Cannons, and the Bloody Flag,
And by the *Hogan Mogans* of the *Hague* ;
Your execrations put m' in such a fright,
That all the Hair about me stood upright :
If on your Head these Curses fall you've nam'd,
I must conclude, that certainly y'are damn'd ;

Hearing

Hearing such bloody Oaths, you would not stay,
 I made all haste I could to get y'away ;
 I furnished you with all I cou'd afford,
 Bisket and Powder'd Beef I put aboard ;
 A Flask of Brandy to your girdle hung,
 Better I'm sure, was never tipt o're Tongue ;
 And when I pack'd your Sails with antient Smock,
 (good luck ;
 I thought they wou'd have brought me home
 But stead of that---such was my Fatal Hap,
 I prov'd the Instrument of your Escape :
 When you came hither in a low Condition,
 Did I not stuff your Gut with good Provision :
 The Suit y' had on---was destitute of stitches,
 I gave you then my Brother's Coat and Breeches ;
 But as for that---Pox on't--- I'll ne'r repent it,
 What you had wanted, I had then presented ;
 If you had never paid---here's none would stop ye ;
 But I must be your Wife too ---like a Puppy :

I wish to God that very day we met,
 That into Gaol I had been thrown for Debt ;
 Then if I'd ask'd the Question — you'd have said
 Thank you, forsooth, I'm not in haste to Wed.
 Well, well ! Myn Hier ! y've caught me now 'tis true,
 I hope I am the last you will undoe.

The *Dutch* by Paint describe each others Lives,
 And draw their Neighbours Actions, and their ^(Wives)
 They'l draw your Father as some petty Pirate,
 Doing small things, which People wont admire at.
 He has been Rogue enough, but done no Wonders
 'Has rob'd a Fisherman, of Eels and Flounders :
 Perhaps he's Drawn making a Sailor drunk,
 Diving in's Pockets — to equip his Punk ;
 These are but Trifles to what you have done,
 The Father's but a Coxcomb — to the Son :
 You sha'll be Drawn, first in your tatter'd Cloaths,
Humbly complaining, full of Lies and Oaths ;

And

And then you shall be Rigg'd from head to foot,
 And from your Mouth, this Label shall come out ;
 "Poor *Phillis*, of *Newcastle* upon *Tyne* ——
 "Twas I that ruin'd---now you see, I'm fine.
 What must I do? I have not Trading here,
 And all my Neighbours do but laugh and sneer ;
 One cries, Where is your Husband *Demo* —— foe?
 For your right Name, not one of 'em does know ;
 Another cries out--Hey ! for *Amsterdam* ;
 What ! Was'a *Dutchman* *Phillis*--or a Sham ?
 Thus (as they say) they throw you in my Dish ;
 Wou'd I cou'd have you here but with a wish,
 For these Rogues sake ; 'twould be good sport to see
 How well you wou'd belabour two or three ;
 Then they'd change Tone, and cry--God (both,
 You are a handsom Couple, by my Troth :
 No---'tis in vain to hope that you'l return,
 I must continue, as I am their scorn ;

But

But yet I can't forget the parting Day,
I thought you wou'd have hugg'd your Breath away
At last you spoke--'twas this confounded Lye,
Phil, in a Month this o're again we'll try;
But I believe that trick you're trying now
With some tun-belly'd *Rotterdam*——U'froe:
If *Phillis* shou'd be talk'd on by the *Dutch*,
You'l say you never heard of any such.

Phillis! Who's she? Where does this *Phillis* dwell

If you don't know, *Demophoon*, I'll tell;

"This is *Newcastle-Phillis*, she that did

"Once entertain you, Sir, at Board and Bed.

"Some small Remembrance *Phillis* hath deserv'd,

"Had not this *Phillis* been, you might have starv'd

"She gave you Money, like a foolish Elf;

"At last this *Phillis* gave away her---Self.

I am that *Phillis*, if I had my due,

That shou'd have Hang'd my self for Loving you:

It will not be too late to do it still,
 And if I'm in a humour, 'faith I will.
 Then on my Grave let these few lines be writ,
 Which *Phillis* made her-self in Moody fit.

*Here Phillis lyes,
 Had she been wise,
 Shad Wed a Neighb'ring Scotchman;
 And then she might,
 Have liv'd in spite
 Of any Drunken Dutchman.*

HYPERM-

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS.

The ARGUMENT.

There was lately a Gang of English Highway-men, of 'em having Wives or Whores in London. Now the only means to detect 'em, was by bribing their Women. In order to which the Keeper of Newgate went to 'em all, promising them very fairly, and with all, using Arguments how serviceable they wou'd be to their Country, in Discovering them; which they might easily do, when they came home to Bed. The Women were easily perswaded, And one Night, order'd the Keeper to be there at such a time, who seized them all; but Linus was praadmonish'd by his Wife Hypermnestra, so he escaped away in his Cloaths; She bore the brunt in his Apparel, and was Taken (supposed to be a man) and Committed to Newgate, and put into Irons. The rest of the Thieves were Hang'd, her Tryal was respited, being not known who she was. Hypermnestra sends him this Letter.

TO thee poor *Hypermnestra* now complains,
Such is the Torture of my Iron Chains:
Shall it be call'd in Law, a Crime so heinous,
For being juſt to my own Husband *Linus*?

Let 'em torment me on, I do not care,
I'll not tell who I am, nor where you are;
If they shou'd Hang me up instead of you,
To the last Gasp I swear I will be true:
I long to be reveng'd on those curs'd Wives;
That did betray their Friends and Husbands Lives:
Such Men were not in *England* to be found,
They'd bid the Devil stand, on any ground;
And all the prizes that they got, they spent
Upon those Whores; yet they were not content;
Think on that Night we did together Sup,
When all the Company were Cock-a-hoop;
That fatal Night you all came from the Pad,
Your Booty very large, your hearts were glad:
Though in my sad Condition, 'tis not proper;
Yet, I can well remember all the Supper:
A stately Loin of Veal began the Feast,
I help'd you half the Kidney at the least;

Four Turkey Poullets came next you wish'd they'd
Four *Turkey Merchants* upon *Mile-End-Green*; (been
Roasted young Ducks, and Chickens fricazeed;
There was more meat than we cou'd eat indeed:
Wine in abundance---I drank none but Sack;
But all you men did ply it with Pontack:
To th' top you fill'd a Glas, and drank to th' best--
The Health as you began it, seem'd a Jest;
I took't in Earnest to my self, and knew
That I shou'd prove the best of Wives to you.
By Two a Clock you Men were almost Drunk,
Then each to bed went to his Spouse or Punk;
If they were all as kind as you to me,
Never was such a Night of Lechery:
At last you sleep securely without warning
Of the strange Alterations in the Morning:
I knew betimes the Keepers wou'd be there,
And all the Night I sweat, 'tween Sport and Fear;

At

At last I rose, and 'bout the Room I walk'd,
And thus at Random to my self I talk'd ;
Have I not sworn a Thousand Oaths at lest,
That I'd betray my Husband with the rest ?
What must I do ? 'Tis true, I am his Wife,
What ! must I damn my Soul to save his Life ?
Hang all the Oaths in Christendom, said I ;
He is my Husband, and he must not die.
With that I drew your Breeches on in haste,
The Codpiece was so big, I was amaz'd ;
I walk'd into your Coat, hanging on Peg.
I lost my head within your Perewig :
Having put on your Armour Cap-a-pee,
For by the weight, such was your Cloaths to me ;
You reach'd your Arm across---had I been there,
You would have had the other bout, I fear ;
I pull'd the Sheet and Blanket from the Bed,
I plainly then perceiv'd, 'twas as I said :

Rise *Linus*, Rise, said I, be very quick;
 This is no time for any wanton Trick;
 You're all betray'd——The Constable's at Door,
 You must not stay a minute of an hour.
 I shuffled on my Cloaths upon your back,
 They did not fit—I heard my *Manteau* crack:
 No sooner were you gone, but in they bounc'd;
 They seiz'd on me, and swore I shou'd be trounc'd.
 And here they have me fast with Bolt and Lock;
 They know not yet that I have on a Smock.
 Now you are safe, and I am here, dear *Linus*
 Let's seriously discourse th' Affair between us:
 If all the truh to them I should discover,
 What can they say? 'twas acted like a like Lover;
 I may be sent to *Bridewel*, there they'l bang me;
 But all the Law in *England* cannot hang me.
 While I lye here—I am in little ease,
 But when all's told, what shall I do for Fees?

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS, 21

If you don't use some means to get me freed,
Within few days you'll hear that I am Dead;
And then 'tis like they'l bury me; if so
Upon my Grave this Epitaph bestow:

Here lies a Wife, who rather than she'd fail

To save her Husband's Life, dy'd in a Jail:

My Irons load me so, I'm fit to cry,

I would write more, but cannot; so God b'ye.

HYPERM-

HERMIONE to ORESTES:

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione was the Daughter of Menelaus and Helen. Her Mother ran away with a young Fellow, one Paris, they went together beyond the Seas. Her Husband who lov'd her well, persw'd 'em, and after many years, found his Wife and rescu'd her from her Gallant, and without any resentment of the Injury, took her again. During their absence, their Daughter (who had an Estate left her by her Uncle) was committed to the Custody of her Grandfather, who marri'd her to a School-fellow and Cozen German of hers, by name Orestes. Her Father brought home with him one Pyrrhus a wild young Fellow, to whom he Marri'd her again, taking no notice of the first match. She silly harmless Girl, wanders at the design, and to her Husband Orestes writes this innocent Letter.

TO thee I write my dear and only Cuz ;
 Nor will I be afraid to call thee Spouse :
 Though here's a Fellow come resolv'd to swear
 I am his Wife, and he will mak't appear :

He

HERMIONE to ORESTES. 23

He looks sometimes, as if he long'd to eat me,
 Sometimes he looks so gruff, as if he'd beat me :
 He says he is *Achilles* Son and Heir,
 And bids me disobey him, if I dare ;
 He kisses me so hard, the strongest man,
 He gets a top of me do what I can ;
 With all my strength my Legs together joyn,
 But with one Knee, hee'l open both of mine.
 I call him Rogue and Rascal, filthy Sor,
 And all the beastly Names I can get out :
 I'm Marry'd Sirrah, therefore don't mistake it,
 I have a Husband that will thwack your Jacket :
 Yet that's all one, he cares not what is said ;
 But by the Hair he drags me into bed :
 They talk of Girls, forc'd by unruly men,
 They can't be forc'd so much as I have been ;
 Yet all this while *Orestes* comes not near me,
 I am afraid you do not love your *Hermey* ;

24 HERMIONE to ORESTES.

You'll fight for Money, as you'd fight for Life,
 And won't you fight a little for your Wife?
 On while my Father mist my Mother *Hellen*,
 Lord ! There was such a noise, and such a yelling,
 He rais'd up all the People in our Lane,
 And ne'r was quiet, till she came again.
 I wou'd not have you make a noise for me,
 But come and kill this fellow quietly ;
 Give him a good sound blow, and never fear man,
 It is for me, your Wife and Cozin German.
 You know my Guardian marri'd me to you
 When we were both so young, we could not do—
 Now from beyond Sea comes my Father huffing,
 And will needs marry me to this same Ruffian,
 He vapours here about his Country Blood,
 I guess your *English* Familie's as good :
 He says, you've led a very wicked life,
 And that you broke your Mothers heart with grief.

For

For talking so of you, I'd slit his Tongue,
 And pull his Eyes out too, if I were strong;
 'Tis something strange, we're of a Generation
 Where Ravishing has been a mighty fashion:
 My Grandmother was ravish'd by one *Swan*,
 A little Couzin by another man;
 My mother has been ravish'd once or twice,
 And I am ravish'd now by her advice.
 Must I with such a Rogue as this be match'd?
 A more unlucky Girl was never hatch'd,
 My mother left me here a little Wench,
 Just big enough to clamber on a Bench;
 She was stark mad for that young fellow--*Paris*,
 And after him she danc'd the new Fagaries:
 My Father for his life cou'd not forbear,
 But ran a-catter-wawling after her;
 Now they're come home, but with such alt' red
 (looks,
 As if they some were strange Outlandish fo'kes.

My

My Father has a Beard below his Band,
 I did not know my Mother, she's so tann'd;
 Toward my good, what did she ever do?
 When she was gone, I larn't to knit and sow;
 I use my needle now as well's another,
 But 'tis no God-a-mercy to my Mother:
 When she came in, she knew not who I was;
 This Girl, said she, is grown a strapping Lass,
 She must be marry'd or she'l grow too busie;
 (Huffy:
 Look here, I have brought thee home a Husband,
 With that he threw his Paws about my Neck;
 Kill him, *Orestes*, or my heart will break:
 I draw the Curtains when he's fast asleep,
 And out of Bed, soon as 'tis day, I leap;
 But I do toss and tumble all Night long,
 As if by Bugs and Pismires I'd been stung;
 Sometimes when I'm asleep, by chance there lies,
 (thighs;
 One of my hands squeez'd close between his

HERMIONE to ORESTES. 27

I snatch't away as soon as e're I wake,
 With as much speed, as if I'd felt a Snake ;
 To th' other side o'th' Bed, I jerk from him,
 And sometimes lay one Breech upon the Beam ;
 Then after me, he by degrees will steal,
 Pray Sir-keep off, say I, I am not well ;
 He seems as if he did not understand,
 And then he reaches out his hasty hand ;
 I speak as plainly to him as I can,
 I tell him I'm not fitting for a Man.
 Pshaw, Pshaw ! says he, I know you do but jest.
 'Pon the whole matter he's a filthy Beast :
 For God's sake Orey, Prethee-now contrive,
 Some way or other that he may not live :
 For here I take my Oath upon a Book,
 If you don't get me off by hook or crook,
 That we may do as marry'd People my,
 I'll either kill my self, or run away.

LEAN-

CANACE to MACAREUS:

Lately translated out of

O V I D

Now **BURLESQU'D.**

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter of Æolus (a Trumpeter of the Guards) being from children brought up together, at the last grew so intimately acquainted, that they made bold to lie with one another. Canace prov'd with Child by her Brother Macareus. She was deliver'd in the house; and the Nurse contriv'd to convey the Child through the Hall when Æolus was sounding his Trumpet, accompany'd with several sorts of Wind-musick; notwithstanding that noise, the shrill Cry of the Infant was over-heard by Æolus, who sent it away to be left in the Streets, and expos'd to the mercy of the Parish; and to his Daughter Canace he sent a

Hal-

Halter, with this Message, — This you have deserved, — and you know how to use it. Canace hang'd her self (as you may guess) before she wrote this Letter.

BEfore these rude, distracted Lines you read,
 Believe the unlucky Authress of 'em dead.
 Ever to see me more's beyond all Hope,
 One hand a Pen, the other holds a Rope:
 My blustering Father's troubled with a Whim,
 And I must hang my self to humour him.

But when he sees my Carcase on the floor,
 Surely he'll cease to call me Bitch or Whore:
 His puffing and his blowing will be in vain,
 He cannot puffe me into life again:
 His Mind is swell'd much bigger then his Face,
 I am (he saies) his Family's Disgrace:
 All his great Friends and Kindred are provok't;
 What are his Friends to me when I am choak'd?

I wish that we had stifled one another
That night I clung so closely to you, Brother :
Why did you love me more then did become ye?
It had been happy, if y'ad kick'd me from ye :
When first, with pleasure, I lay under you,
Would y'ad been lighter by a stone or two.

At first I wondred what should be the matter,
I look'd like Death, and was as weak as Water :
For several days I loath'd the sight of Meat,
And every night I chew'd the upper Sheet :
I'd such Obstructions, I was almost moap'd,
My Breath came short, my —— were stop'd.

I call'd old Nurse, and told her how it was ;
She, an experienc'd Bawd, soon groap'd the Cause :
Quoth she, for this Disease, take what you can,
You'll ne'er be well, till you have taken Man :
When I was young, I thought I was bewitch'd,
I scrach't my Belly, for it alwaies itch'd.

The

The Truth I will no longer hide, said I,
 I must enjoy my Brother, or I die :
 She tickl'd me, and told me 'twas no Sin,
 Nearer of Blood, said she, the deeper in :
 Both you and I approv'd what Nurse had said,
 So, without more a-do, we went to Bed :
 You in my belly rummag'd all about,
 To find this wonderfull distemper out :
 Too soon 'twould be discovered, was my Fear,
 I could have let you searc'd for ever there :
 But Nurse can tell how I did sigh and sob
 When we perceiv'd that you had done the Jobb.

I made th' old Beldam foot it up and down
 To every Quack and Mountebank in Town,
 For *Dandelion*, and *Camelions-thighs*,
Spirit of Saffron mixt with *Valters-eyes* :
 I would have given all I had been worth,
 T' have kill'd the Child, before it had come forth :

But

But the stronge Rogue lay fencing in my Womb,
 And did those pois'nous Potions overcome :
 Oh ! when I saw the ninthth Moon in the Wane,
 Then I was in the Bull—of grief and Pain ;
 Then, then my Throws came on m^e thick and
 I groan'd but for my Life I durst not schreik
 Untill my Tortures came to such a growth

(Mouth:
 That Nurse with both her Hands did stop my
 I should have cry'd so loud, that every Neighbour
 Would have discover'd I had been in Labour :
 No woman yet that ever wore a Navel,
 Endur'd so hard and so severe a Travel :

I curs'd your Sex, and wish'd a Rot might come
 On all the Stallions throughtout Christendome.
 At last you came ; I knew you by your tread ;
 I peep'd at you, though I was almost dead :

T'ward

(morse
 T'ward me you seem'd to have some kind Re-
 But look'd, as if you would have eaten Nurse.

You held my back-parts, you could do no more;
 Would you had never felt the Parts before.

Sister, said you, you shall not die this bout,
 Were both unlucky, but, we'll rub it out.

To see what words from those we love can do,
 (Surely the Child within me heard you too,)

For streight he sprang forth from me, and did seem
 To make his passage in a flowing Stream:

'Twas hard enough: but now's a harder Case,
 To hide the Business from my Father's face;
 We did consult how to devise a way

Thorough the Hall our Bastard to convey.

My Father in Wind-musick still delighted,
 And all the Gang that night he had invited:

Fellows that play on Bag-pipes, and the Fife;
 The old man always lov'd a noiseful Life:

D

They

They all did sound together after Supper,
And then to carry 'em off, we thought, was proper.

Nurse, in her Apron took the little Brat,
Swath'd up in Linnin, Rushes over that ;
Quite through the Hall she went her usual pace,
And, unconcern'd her self, humm'd *Cherry-Chase*.

Just to the door s'had safely carry'd him,
When the unlucky Wretch began to sceme :
His little Organ made a shriller noise
Than all the Fluits, Recorders, or Ho-boies :
The old man prick'd his ears up, like a Hare,
And after Nurse ran nimbly, as the Air :
Whither so fast, said he, old Mother Trundle?
Pray, let us see, what have you in your Bundle :
Quoth Nurse, — 'Tis Mistress Canny's dirty Smoak,
Men into Womens fecerts should not look.

Hepuff'd away the Rushes from her Lap,
And there appear'd the little sprauling Ape :

'Zound's

'Zounds, saies my Father, What is here ? A Kid !
My Daughter *Canny*'s finely brought to bed ?

He rais'd so great a Tempest in the House,
I thought that Hell it self was broken loose ;
He rag'd so loud, the Bed shook under me ;
Methought I was in some great Storm at Sea :
He rush'd into the Room, and did discover
The bloody Symptoms of a Child-bed Lover :
Our Sexes Stains by him were here discry'd
(hide :
Which Women from their own dear Husbands
With his own hands he did design to wound me,
But that he saw something like Murther found me :
The Bastard in the Streets he did expose,
And what will be his destiny, God knows :
The little Knave, with Tears, did seem to answer,
As who should say, I beg your pardon Granfir,
Out went old *Trump* ; I by his Looks could find
There was some mischief hatching in his mind,

36 CANACE to MACAREUS.

In came a Fellow of the *Bag-pipe* Gang
 Whose very Whiskers seem'd to say, go hang ;
 Before his words came out his tongue did falter ;
 At last he spake, *Canny*, look here's a Halter :
 Your Father saies, 'Tis this you do deserve ;
 If you'll not use it, you may live and starve.
 His most obedient Daughter he shall think me ;
 If I don't hang my self, the Devil-sink me.

Since Whoreing does produce such strange effects
 Would I'd been born a Monster without Sex :
 Let my young Sisters all be warn'd by me,
 And curb betimes Incestuous Lechery.

This I request of you, Dear Brother *Mac*.
 That of our wretched Child some care you'd take ;
 If you can find him out, be not unwilling,
 Towards his maintenance, to drop a shilling.

Let these my last words be observ'd by you,
 As I obey my Father's : — so, — Adieu.

A R I.

ARIADNE to THESEUS,

Lately translated out of

O V I D

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Theseus, an English Gentleman, and one who for his diversion admir'd Travelling, especially on Foot, having safely arriv'd at Calais, walk'd oneasily from thence to Paris, where he had not long been but he receiv'd an unmannerly Juggle from a Cavalier of France: Theseus, whose great Soul could not brook the least Affront, resented this so highly, that he challeng'd him, fought him, and after a long and skilful Dispute between 'em, fairly kill'd him: Theseus was imprison'd in the Bastile; During his Restraint he held a League with Ariadne, the Keeper's daughter: And, though the Prison was as difficult as a Labyrinth, (such is the power of Love.)

D 3

she

*She soon contriv'd a way for his Escape by night : and
 he, accompany'd with his Mistress Ariadne, footed it
 back to Calais ; where, both lodging together at
 the Red-Hart, he very unkindly took the advan-
 tage of her Snoaring, and stole from her early in the
 morning ; and went off with the Pacquet-boat to
 Dover ; from whence he genly walk'd to London :
 Ariadne sends him These.*

NO savage Bear, no Lyon, Wolf, or Tyger,
 (Rigor ;
 Would ever use his Mistress with such
 D'y'e think you don't deserve ten thousand Curses,
 For leaving me in Pawn at Monsieur Forces ?
 I wonder what the Tavern-people think !
 For here I sit, and dare not call for Drink.
 While by your side I innocently lay,
 You might have taken leave, a civil way :
 I was half waken'd from a pleasant Sleep
 By th' melancholly sound of Chimney-sweep :
 I stretch'd my Leg, to find out my Bed-fellow,
 But I could groap out nothing but the Pillow :

Thinking

Thinking t' have hugg'd you in my Arms so close
One of the Bed-staffs almost broke my Nose:

Thef. Thef. said I, I hope you are not gone:

I might as well have call'd the Man i'th' Moon:

I rent my Head-cloaths off, *mortdieu! mortdieu!*

What will become of me? What shall I do?

I op'd the Casement as the Morning dawn'd;

And could plainly see that I was pawn'd,

With calling you I tore my Throat to pieces,

The Eccho jeer'd me with the name of *Theseus*:

To th' top of all the house I ran undrest;

The people thought that I had been possess'd:

At last, I spy'd you in the Pacquet-boat;

I knew it was you or so at least I thought:

Had you been walking, I had known your Stride,

And guess'd your Strutt from all Mankind's beside:

Both Seas and Winds must needs be kind to thee

Thou art so like 'em in Inconstancy.

40 ARIADNE to THESEUS.

I thump my Breast, I rage, I storm and fume;
 The House desires I would discharge my Room:
 Quoth one o'th' Servants, Mistress *Ariadne's*
 Past all recovery, overwhelm'd with Madness:
 Another cries, *Mam'sell Com' portez vous?*
 Fetch me my *Thes.* said I, What's that to you.
 When in the Boat I cou'd no longer see you,
 Ten thousand De'ills of Hell, said I, go we' you,
 They think I'm drunk, I'm sure 'tis not with
 The Score's too large; and you have left no Coin.
 Into a Corner I am sometimes dogg'd,
 And there I cry as if I had been flogg'd:
 Sometimes I roul my Self upon the Bed,
 And act those postures o're that once we did:
 To my own self with pleasure I repeat,
 Here lay my Head, and there I put my Feet:
 I often call to mind our amorous Work;
 Then here, methinks I have you with a Jerk.

Some-

Sometime they talk, that Ships are safe at home :
I listen then, to hear if you are come.

Were I a Man, into the Seas I'd douse,
And after you I'd swim, and bilk the house :
If I should offer to run home again,
My Father'd keep me in an Iron-chain ;
I have betray'd the old Man's Trust for you ;
I may go whistle for a Portion now :
When, for your sake, I stole the Prison Keys,
I little thought to see such days as these :
Oh ! when your LOVE was mounted to a pitch,
You hugg'd me as the Devil hugg'd the Witch ;
You swore, with Oaths most desperate and bloody,
The Queen of *France* to me was but a Dowdy.
I have more Whymfies then a dancing Bear,
Sometimes I dream the Constable is here :
And though the Waiters very often wheedle,
Yet I suspect that they will bring the Beadle.

Again,

42 ARIADNE to THESEUS.

Again, I fear they'll spirit me away,
And send me Slave into *Virginia* :
I was not bred a Drudge from the beginning,
Except it were to wash my Fathers Linnen.

Either to Sea or Land I durst not look,
To Heav'n I can't ; you've stole my Prayer-book :
Your Valour made my Fortune so untoward,
I would to God that you had been a Coward :
Distressed *Ariadne* now complains,
Because such sprightly blood runs in her Veins :
They say we *French* are very Hot, 'tis true ;
But yet our Sparks are Frost and Snow to you :
Curst be the time when you first learnt to fence,
(Though that does never alter Men of fence.)

I fancie in what posture you were found,
One Foot heav'd up, the other on the Ground ;
As much of Warlike Grace you did discover
As any *Roman* Statue in the *Louvre*.

Methinks

Methinks I hear you speak to th' Cavilier,
Sa ! Sa ! Monsieur, I have you here and there :
 But now your valiant Acts are lost for ever,
 By sneaking off, like a *French-Ribbon-Weaver*.

Had I not drank that *Brandy* over night,
 I cou'd have wak'd, and so have stop'd your Flight.
 Curst be the Wind which was so kind to you ;
 Curst be the Boat, and curst be all its Crew ;
 Curst may I be for trusting what you said ;
 Curst may all Lovers be that Snore in Bed.

Poor *Ariadne*, thou art finely serv'd,
 Thy too much Love has brought thee to be starv'd ;
 The Servants pitty me, and say't's a hard case,
 I've nothing here to pay 'em with but Carcase :
 This Carcase too has wept out all its Juice,
 'Tis grown so dry, 'tis fit for no Man's use.

Think, when you're rev'ling in your Cups at *London*,
 That your Poor *Ariadne* here, is undone,

And

44 ARIADNE to THESEUS.

And when you come where people do resort,
 To hear your Travels told were pritty sport :
 With what tough bit of Flesh you did engage;
 You thought you should be killing him an Age:
 Do not forget me when you tell your Tale,
 Tell'em how I releas'd y'out of Goal ;
 And how with you I stole on foot through Allyes ;
 And, pray forget not, that I am pawn'd at *Callais*;
 And, when this Tale to your Companion's told,
 Imagine *Ariadne* stiff and cold :
 When dead, they'll bury me in some back Garden,
 For I can't give the Parish-Clerk a farthing.

And 'tis for you I all those Sorrows prove;
 So, Mr. *Theseus*, thank you for your Love.

LEANDER

LEANDER to HERO:

THE ARGUMENT.

Leander an *Usher* of a School, and chief Poet of Richmond, having contracted a more than ordinary Acquaintance with *Mistress Hero* of Twitnam, a Governess or Tutress to young Ladies; such a reverential esteem had they procur'd to themselves at each place, that they could not conveniently meet without great scandal; therefore the *Usher* frequently swam over to his *Mistress* by night, but at this time the *Thames* was so rough, that he was constrained to convey his mind to *Hero* by a *Waterman* in these Poetical Lines, wherein Love and Learning strive to outvie each other.

Your faithful Lover sends this Bille^d dou^x.

Stuff'd full of Love, but not a word of news.

Believe not, I think much of any Labour,

Cou'd I have come my self, I'd ne're sent Paper;

The *Thames* is rough, the Winds so hard do blow,

I scarcely got a *Waterman* to go.

And

And if I wou'd have given a thousand pound,
This was the only Fellow to be found.
I stood upon the Shoar, while he went off,
The Boat once gone, I thought 'twas well enough,
I must be careful whom I send by Water,
Our Family begins to smooke the matter:
Just as the Letter went, I had a fancy
Came in my head, I cou'd have made a Stanza:
Go Paper, go, and kiss a whiter hand,
That oft hath put *Leander* to a stand.
Methinks, the Nymph perfumes it with her Breath,
And bites the wax of with her Ivory Teeth:
Her Sheperd would be glad to be so bit,
Untill th' aforesaid Teeth together met.
But then think I, these whymfies shee'll condemn
The hand that writes, should rather make me swim
Bold strokes in Poetry she hardly blames,
But such bold stroaks shou'd be upon the Thames:

Methinks

Methinks it is an Age since I swam o're,
I long untill each Arm, does prove an Oar.
Fully resolv'd I came to'th water side,
And thought the space between us but a stride.
I saw your house, and wish'd that I cou'd clamber
To your watch--- light in the supremest Chamber :
I pull'd off Coat and doublet twice or thrice,
But then I thought,--- be merry and be wise.
Thus I in Verse spake to the mighty *Boreas*,
Thou blustering youth--- pray tell me why so fu-
Tho' amongst Winds thou art a great Commander,
Blow gently for the sake of poor *Leander*.
I cross no Sea (Here *Thames* is call'd the Sea,
Because it doth with lofty Verse agree.)
I cross no Sea to *Asia* or to *Afrique*,
Upon the Account of Sublunary Traffique :
Ingots of Gold ! alas ! I do not seek 'em,
Give me my Heroes Love, then *omnia mecum*.

Boreas

Boreas himself does sometimes leave off roaring
And goes a---woing, I'll not say a---whoring.
For several uses you, your breath may spare,
Do not so fiercely move our *Richmond* Air.
But all was vain, *Boreas* was still unkind,
I did repeat my Verses to the wind.

Had I but wings, I'd soar above the People
And place my self just now on *Twitnam* Steeple.
I well remember that first night I swam,
That happy night I first to *Twitnam* came;
I put of all my cloaths, with them my fears,
And dous'd into the *Thames* o're head and ears.
The Moon took---care *Leander* should not sink,
And stole before me like a lighted Link :

I thank'd her for her Love, and thus did greet her,
As far as my poor Talent went---in meeter.
Ah gentle Moon, because thou'rt kind to me,
I wish *Endymion* may be so to thee :

And

And as with him thou hold'st a private League
With thy broad Eye, so wink at my Intrigue.
Under correction to your Heavenly sence,
Your case and mine have little difference.
A Goddess you love one of human Birth,
My Mistress is a Goddess upon Earth :
Such sort of Beauty as she wears, is given
Only to such as do belong to Heaven.
And if you are not of the self same mind,
Begging your Pardon, *Cynthia*, you're blind.
With such like words I got near *Twitnam* sands,
And nothing all the way saw I but Swans.
At last I spy'd your Candle on the top,
Aye ! now all's well, thought I, there is some hope.
But when you put your head out from the Caze-
ment,
Then was *Leander* struck into amazement ;
For two Lights more did from the Window seem,
Which made the artificial one look dim.

F

Your

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A Goddess you love one of human Birth,
My Mistress is a Goddess upon Earth :
Such sort of Beauty as she wears, is given
Only to such as do belong to Heaven.
And if you are not of the self same mind,
Begging your Pardon, *Cynthia*, you're blind.
With such like words I got near *Twitnam* sands,
And nothing all the way saw I but Swans.
At last I spy'd your Candle on the top,
Aye! now all's well, thought I, there is some hope.
But when you put your head out from the Caze-
ment,
Then was *Leander* struck into amazement ;
For two Lights more did from the Window seem,
Which made the artificial one look dim.

E

Your

Your Eyes the Moon, and Candle made just four ;
I, like some Prince was lighted to the shoar.
But you're to blame, when you perceiv'd me come,
Nurse sayes, she cou'd not keep you in the room
But in your shift you wou'd be running down ;
You'l get some violent cold, and then you're gone.
But to say truth, thou art a loving Tit,
Thou hug'st me in thy arms all dripping wet :
I can but think how straingly I did look,
When you put o're my head a Holland Smock ;
And hand in hand thus walking from the *Thames*,
We seem'd the Ghosts of two distressed Dames.
But when we came to Bed, we understood,
We were no Ghosts, but real Flesh and Blood :
We did repeat more pleasures in one hour,
Than some dull Lovers do in forty score ;
Because we knew our time was very short,
We cou'd not tell the number of our sport.

Aurora does from *Tithon's* Bed escape,
Tithon perhaps will take the other nap,
 See her Postillian *Lucifer* before,
 And now the Bus'ness of the Night is o're;
 The day appears, *Leander* must be jogging,
 And home agen among the Boyes a-flogging.
 My well beloved *Amo* I forsake,
 And to dull *Doceo* now I must go back.
 And Substantive I'll always be to thee,
 My pritty Verb *Deponent* thou shalt be.
 If we were in conjunction day and night,
Leander would not prove a heteroclite:
 In Grammer we make Noun to joyn with Noun,
 Why shou'd not *Twitnam* joyn with *Richmond*
 (Town?)
 'Twou'd make one mad to think a foolish River,
 Or any furly Winds should Lovers sever:
 But hold *Leander*, let no Seas nor Wind
 Disturb the quiet Freehold of thy Mind.

When first I crost--my thought the Fish did gaze,
The Salmon seem'd to peep upon my Face;
I could hear Boatmen call from Western Barge,
What Fish is that, my thinks 'tis very large,
They'd call me Porpus, and they'd jeer and flout me;
But now by th' name of Brother they salute me:
How d'ee says one; Good morrow t'other cries;
I civilly return them, *Bona dies*.

The Fishermen that bobs all night for Eel,
Now sayes, Your Servant, Sir, I wish you well:
God send you safe on t'other side the Water,
I say unto him, *Salvus sis piscator*.

I hope those Halcyon Nights will soon return;
For want of 'em, does poor *Leander* mourn.
But if such storms in Summer time does hinder,
How shall I e're get to the in the Winter?
If I do venture in, and should be drown'd,
I hope by thee my Body will be found.

Thou'lt

Thoul'troul it up in Holland or in Bucram,
Then may I truly say---*mors mihi Lucrum.*
But let not this possess you I am dead,
A foolish whimsey came into my head,
We shall have many pleasant Nights between us,
I'll come and hugg my *Hero ore-tenus.*
Pray put these Lines up safe, for fear you loose 'em
In that warm place where I would be, your Bosom:
And in a little time, dispute it not,
I'll come and justifie what I have wrot:
For when the wheather changes I'll not fail ye,
And untill then thou — *dulce decus Vale.*

HERO's Answer.

L Eander, thank you kindly for your Letter,
 Though if y[']ad come your self it had been
 (better;
 I cannot rest, I know not what's the matter,
 I'm all afire, to have you cross the Water.
 We Women when we've any thing to do,
 Are ten times more desirous of't than you;
 Having dismiss your little Boyes from School,
 You can walk out i'th' the Evening when 'tis cool;
 You can divert your self a hundred wayes,
 I only stand upon the shoar and gaze:
 You have a Green in which you bowl or bett,
 And now and then three or four shillings get;
 Or to the Tavern, when you please you go
 And drink a Bottle with a Friend or so;

While

While I sit moap'd---like a neglected Cat,
And now and then with old dry Nurse I chat;
What's your opinion, Nurse, and tell me truly,
D'ye think the Wind to Night will be unruly?
What will *Leander* come? or keep away?
'Faith I don't know, says she, 'tis like he may;
Such droufie answers I do seldom miss,
D'ye think I han't a blessed time of this?
Up to my Chamber, when 'tis Night, I get,
And in the Window is my Candle set;
Perhaps I read a Play, or some Romances,
I soon grow weary of such Idles Fancies:
Then I peruse your Letter o're again,
And more and more admire your learned strain;
Then I ask Nurses Judgment in the case,
But she old Soul's, as dull as e're she was;
I make her stand uprigh (there I mistake,
She can't stand so---for sh' as a huckle back)

I mean, I fet her somewhere in the Room,
And she's to act as if you just were come ;
My only Joy (say I) thou'rt welcome hither,
How didst thou swim to me this stormy weather?
Speak, let me hear some Musick from thy mouth,
Nurse nods, and says---I'm pritty well forsooth :
Thus I beguile the time till Morning---peep,
Then I go into Bed and fall asleep.
And there I do enjoy you in my dreams,
Spite of the Devil or the rougher Thames.
Methought I saw you come stark naked in,
Wet were your locks, and dropping was your Skin
I with an Apron rub'd you up and down,
And dry'd you from the toe unto the crown ;
Then presently we hugg'd with such a force,
I shook the Bed, and wak'd and startled Nurse ;
And finding it to be a Dream---no more,
I grew as melancholy as before.

If in a dream such tickling Joyes appear,
Much pleasanter 'twou'd be, if you were here ;
I don't know what to think : you us'd to say,
Ten Thousand Devils should not stop your way :
Why should the danger at this time be more ?
The Wind blows hard, and so it did before ;
But now I see which way 'tis like to drive,
A *Richmond* Wench as sure as I'm alive ;
Ah ! say ye so ? why then it is for her
This Storm is rais'd, *Leander* cannot stir.
But hang't that cannot be, I'm turn'd a fool,
Leander was and is an honest Soul :
As soon as I had said these words of you,
The Candle burn't not as it us'd to do ;
Sayes Nurse, there is a stranger in the Light,
Master *Leander* will be here to Night ;
With that she took the Brandy bottle up,
And pull'd from thence a very hearty sup,

Sayes

Sayes she--if what I say should prove untrue,
I wish this blessed draught may ne're go through;
Therefore let's see you hear to night dear *Nandy*,
Or else poor Nurse must never more drink Brandy.
Perhaps you fancy you take double pains,
And make to great a trespass on your Reins,
To swim so far as you have us'd to do,
And after that to please a Mistress too;
Half of one half I'd ease you if I cou'd,
And meet you in the middle of the flood;
But from the latter service never flinch,
I should be loath to bait you half an inch;
But after all excusing what I've said,
Pray do not cross the River hand o're head;
I dream't last night, I hope 'tis no ill Luck,
A Spaniel Dog was hunting of a Duck,
There were some reads which under Water grew,
And more, perhaps, than the poor Spaniel knew.

He

He was entangled there, and there was found,
I came to help him, but the Curr was drown'd.
I do not tell this dream to make you tardy,
But as a Caution not to be fool-hardy.
The Wind will soon be laid, the *Thames* be clear,
Then you may cross it, without wit or fear ;
Make much of this, for if you fail me, then
By all the Gods I'll never write agen.

LAODAMIA

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LAODAMIA

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAVS,

Lately Translated out of

O V I D:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The A R G U M E N T.

In the War between England and Holland, one Protesilaus, an English Lieutenant of a Fifth Rate Frigate, being Wind-bound upon the Downs; his Wife Laodamia, hearing he was not gone off, sent him this Letter; and, like a fond Wife, gives him strict Caution to avoid Fighting.

A Health to your Prosperity goes round,
 And to your safe return before you're
 (drown'd:
 My Neighbour Jackson's Wife began it to me;
 If I don't wish it, may it ne'er go through me:

We

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAEUS. 61

We drink, and fancie to our selves in vain,
That the good Winds will blow him back again.
I hate the noise of a tumultuous Sea,
Give me a Tempest rais'd by you and me ;
A Storm in which all Parts about us shake,
When we can hear the Bed beneath us crack.
At *Gravesend*, when we took our last Adieu,
The Parting Kifs, remember, I gave you :
I, like a shitten Girle, began to cry ;
I had no mind, methoughts, to say, God b'w'y :
I heard Tarpaulins roar out, Hoise up Sail ;
On Board, on Board ; here comes a merry Gale :
In such brisk Gales poor Women don't delight,
They blow away the pleasures of the night :
As you went off, I could not bear the Loss,
A Qualm came o'er my Stomach quite-a-cross :
Old Mother *Crump*, a very subtil *Croan*,
Saw by my Looks that I was almost gone :

A Pint

62 *LAODAMIA* to *PROTESILAVS*.

A Pint of Brandy presently she brought,
 And made me drink a very hearty draught ;
 She shew'd her Love, but what great good has't
 (done?
 How can I live with comfort now you're gone?
 I wake, and find no Husband by my side ;
 I often think 'twere better I had dy'd :
 Till you return, I'll ne'er be drest agen ;
 I have not comb'd my head the Lord knows when
 A Glas of Wine sometimes my heart does cherish ;
 Wer't not for that, I fancies I shou'd perish :
 Because I go so taudry, like a Punk,
 Some, that don't know me, think that I am drunk :
 My Neighbours often tell me, Mistress *Protes*—,
 You go so strangely, all the Street takes notice !
 Says one, You do your Husband's Friends disgrace ;
 For shame ! Put on a Peticoat with Lace :
 Why should they think that I would wear a lac'd-
 (coat ?
 When my poor Husband's in a Seaman's waistcoat?

Should

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 63

Should I adorn my Head with curles and Towers?
When a poor Skippers Cap does cover yours.

The Plaguy *Dutch* ; that they should break the
(Peace,
And not submit to us in *English* Seas :

Though, for my own particular, I swear,
If I could once again but have you here,
Let *Dutch* have Liberty to fish and foul,
I would not care a Farthing, by my Soul.
Methinks I see you now, and, by your looks,
You are engaging with a Butter-box :
Methinks just now a Büllet did escape,
And hit my Neck, just in the very Nape.

But oh ! I swoon, when I do think of *Trump* !
His Ships now giving yours a bloody Thump !
Bless us, said I, Now, you are dispatch'd !
That Dog has been at Sea 'fore you were hatch'd :
For Heaven's sake avoid him if you can,
He's certainly the Devil of a Man !

If

64 *LAODAMIA* to *PROTESILAUS*.

If any Ship does make up towards you,
You may say sure *Van-Trump's* among the Crew:
There's not a Shot does to your Vessel come,
But I receive the Pain on't here at home.
What am I better if you beat the *Dutch*,
And you come hither hopping on a Crutch?
How finely 'mong the Neighbourhood 'twould
(show,
To see you strut upon a timber Toe?
To rout the Foe is some great Adm'ral's Office,
In these Engagements you are but a Novice:
Your single Valours nothing on the Sea,
Your Combate should be hand to hand with me,
Would I were in the Fleet with *Trump* or *Ruyter*,
To them I would become a Humble Suitor,
And point out to them where your Squadron lay,
Directing them to shoot another way:
I'd speak t'em thus; Great Souls of *Amsterdam*,
Pray hear a silly Woman, as I am;

And

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS 63

And let your Cannon my poor Husband shun,
He knows not to discharge a little Gun:
If you were Women, as you're Warelike Men,
He would perform great Actions wi' you then:
Your Fighting, Skirmishing, and Breaking Bones,
Are only fit for Men that want their Stones.

Just as you were commanded to your Ship,
Remember, at the Stairs your Foot did slip;
Think on that Slip, and, when the *Dutch* are shoot-
(ing;
Duck down your Head, as if you wanted footing;
I wish your Captain some good Coward were
And durst not bring the Vessel up for fear:
I wish to God he would not sail too fast;
You'll come too soon, although you come the last.
When you return, they'll ask how matters stand;
I hope you'll know no more than we at Land.

All the day long I smell no sent but Powder;
Each minute Guns go louder off and louder.

66 LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

Most marry'd women long till it be night,
 But, for my part, I hate the thoughts of it ;
 Unless, by chance, I sleep, and dream of you :
 Fancy's the kinder Husband then o'th' two :
 And when I wake and feel the Linnen wet,
 I find, I've wept for joy upon the Sheet :
 This to Enjoyment gives but half content ;
 When shall we meet together by consent ?
 Oh, how I long to hear you tell in Bed
 Some strange Romantick Tale of what you did !
 But when you find you can't prolong the Jest,
 And, being at *Stand*,--kiss out the rest.

Against both Wind and Tide why will you go?
 You'd scarce come home if Wind and tide said no.
 You fight, methinks, about so mean a thing,
 Which should have Privilege of catching *Ling* :
Old-Ling I hate worle than a Common Whore ;
 (Would you lov'd Fighting with the *Dutch* no
 (more :)
 I ate

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 67

I ate it once, and that against my will,
And sometimes fancy that I smell on't still.
But though thou art expos'd to Seas and Wind;
It is some ease unto my troubled Mind
To see thy comely Picture in the Hall,
Drawn to the Life with Charcoal on the Wall:
I prattle to it as if thou wert here;
'Tis late; Pr'ythee let's go to Bed, my Dear:
Methinks thou say'st, I'll humour thee for once;
Thou'lt work me at the last to Skin and Bones:
I kiss the Wall and do my Cheeks besmear,
And ope my Mouth, as if your Tongue was there.
By all the pleasant Postures of Delight,
By all the Twines and Circles of the Night,
By the first minute of our Nuptial Joys,
When you put fairly for a Brace of Boys,

68 LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

I do conjure you, have a special care,
 And let not faucy Danger come to near;
 For when I hear that thou art knock'd o'th' head,
 I'll hold you ten to one that I am dead.

NON ENO

OENONE to PARIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Paris was the Son of Priam a Wealthy Old Citazen and Alderman of London. When Hecuba, his Mother was big with Child of him, she dream't a foolish conceited Dream, which occasion'd Old Priam to consult Lilly, who told him, That Paris in process of time w^{ould} occasion his house to be burnt down. Therefore the credulous Alderman sends him into the Country far North to be dispos'd of as a By-blow. When he grew fit for Service he was entertain'd in a Gentleman's House, where he contracted a Bosom-acquaintance with Oenone a Young Wench and fellow Servant with him in the same house. His Father began to come to himself, and hearing where he was, sent for him, and own'd him as his Son; but before that, he had disengag'd himself from Service, and ran away with one Hellen, who was Wife to Menelaus. Oenone being inform'd of All these proceedings, writes to him this Letter.

After my hearty Love to you remembr'd.
Hoping you are not in Body distemper'd,
More

More than my self at the writing hereof;
 If it be so, we are both well enough;
 Your Usage has been such to poor *Oenone*,
 That none but such a fool as I would own'e'e;
 I hear you're run away with *Menels* Wife,
 I pity her, she'll lead a blessed Life;
 What mighty mischief have I done, I wonder;
 You'l never have a younger, nor a fonder.
 If by my means y'had met with some disaster,
 Had I procur'd you Anger from your Master;
 If I had giv'n you that they call a Clap,
 You'd had some small Excuse for your Escape:
 But now you've had your ends, away to sneak,
 Come ! come ! these things would make a body,
 You were not then so Uppish—when you said,
 A Dutcheis was a T — t' a Servant Maid;
 You were a Groom your self, you know 'tis truth,
 Not all your Greatness now — can stop my mouth;

If you were able to keep house you swore
You'd marry me for all I was your Whore,
We were together on a Summers day,
Both in the Stable, on a Truss of Hay ;
You can't forget some pretty pastimes there,
No body saw us but the Chesnut Mare :
You said such glorious things the very Beast
Prick'd up her Ears, and thought you were in Jest:
But I did prove th' verrier best o'th' two,
For like an Ass I thought that all was true ;
Soon after---you were taken from the Stable,
To wait upon my Master at his Table ;
To undertake it you seem'd very loath,
Did I not teach you then to lay a Cloath ?
There's no man but must have his first beginning,
Who learnt you then to fold your Table Linnen ?
Did you not often when the Cloath was spread,
Just in the middle put your Salt and Bread ?

You have been threatned oft to lose your place,
Because you knew not how to fill a Glass;
You pour'd in Wine up to the very top,
I told you you should fill but to the knob.
Did I not shew you how to broach your Drink,
And tilt the Vessel when't begin to sink?
I was your dearest Honey---all that while
There was not such a Girl in Forty mile
You carv'd my name upon the Trencher-Plates,
And on the Elms before the outward Gates;
And as we see in time those Elms encrease,
So will my name grow greater with the Trees;
And any one that stands but at the door,
May see *Oenone* (your obedient Whore.)
You never have been well, since those three Maids,
Rather those impudent and bold-fac'd Jades
Differ'd among them---selves, which it should be,
That had the cleanliest share of all the Three.

To you they came when you were in the Clofe,
The Little Field that was behind the Houfe,
Stark naked did they come from top to toe,
Paris, say they, we will be Judg'd by you.
Heavens preserve you Eye-sight--how you gaz'd,
Nor could you speak a word, you were so maz'd ;
At last you Judg'd with many a hum ! and haw !
Venus the finest Wench that e're you saw.

This was a *Whitson* Frolique, as they said,
A pretty prank to shew you all they had.
To see how naked Women are bewitching,
Since that y^e have minded nothing else but bitching.
Soon after that your project was of stealing
That over-ridden Whore that Mistress *Hellen* :
I must be gone a little while, you said,
(Then was this Bus'ness brooding in your head.)
You kiss me hard as if I cou'd not feel,
And swore that you wou'd be as true as steal :

Said

Said you---Doubt nothing, for the case is plain,
 I'm proved the Son of an Old Alderman,
 And sent for home my Father's very ill,
 I must be by, at making of his will ;
 Oh that we cou'd but bury the old Cuff,
 Then marry you, all wou'd be well enough.
 You may've a richer Wife, but not a better,
 For I am no such despicable Creature :
 Not to disparage your good Lady Mother,
 I can behave my self as well's another.
 No Wife like me was there in Christendom,
 When you were honest *Pall*—Squires *Sheephead's*
 (Groom.
 My Father's but a plain Old Man, 'tis true,
 But's Daughter ha's been bred up as high as you.
 He is an honest Man, what e'r I am,
 And may be fav'd as soon as Master *Pream*.
 Were I your Wife, my carriage shou'd not shame
 Your Mother *Hee*.---tho' shee's a stately Dame.

What

What though these hands have us'd a Drippin'-pan,
Yet on occasion they can furl a Fan.
Now on a little Folding Bed I lye,
(Tho' in that Bed sometimes lay you and I)
Yet I know how perhaps to hold my head,
If I were carried to a Damasque Bed.
If you had marry'd me y'had met with quiet,
What can y' expect from her but noise and riot?
You now have caught a most notorious Strumpet;
Besides 'tis known, as if y'ad blown a Trumpet;
Where e're you come you'l meet with frumps and
Jeers,
Her Husband too, will be about your Ears.
In little time from you she will be budging,
She'l lye with any body for a Lodging.
When first of all we closely were acquainted,
(Which now it is too late, I have repented)
Cassandra was a Gipsy in the Town,
Who went a Fortune-telling up and down;

I gave

I gave her broken meat, which we cou'd spare,
 Shee'd tell me all my Fortune to a hair:
 You love (sayes she) a Man nor tall nor squat,
 But a good handsome Fellow, (mark ye that?)
 This youth and you 'tis likely may do well,
 If he escape but one---they call her *Nell*.
 But if they two should chance to lye together,
 Hee'll break the heart of you, and of his Father.
 Who this *Nell* was, I cou'd not chuse but wonder;
 But now I know who 'tis---a Pox confound her!
 I'll make *Cassandra* 'Liar tho', in part;
 You've vex'd me, but you ne're shall break my
 (heart.
 This very Whore I spack on, ran-away
 With such another Fellow t'other day,
 And when her cloaths were gone, and money la-
 (visht'd,
 She came and told her Husband she was ravish'd.
 I'm sure I'm true, for here since you were gone,
 Hath been some loving Booby of the Town,

One of the Fello ws surely is a Satyr,
He follows me, and swears he'll watch my water :
We have a Servant come---pretends to Physick,
He hath a Cure for any one that-is-sick ;
Hecures the Tooth-ach ; if your Finger's cut,
A Plaister to it presently hee'l put ;
Freckles i'th' face he cures, and takes off Pimples,
'Hath taught me to the use of Herbs and Simples.
But I must beg my fellow-Servant's Pardon,
'Gainst Love there is no Herb nor Flow'r i'th
(Garden:
For this Disease I must rely upon ye,
Come a nd live here again, you'l cure *Oenone*.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE to *ULTSSES*,

Lately translated out of

O V I D

Now **BURLESQU'D.**

The **ARGUMENT.**

There hapning a Rebellion in Scotland, in that Army which went under the Command of the Duke; Ulysses went Voluntier. The Rebels being quell'd, the Army return'd home; but Ulysses lay loitring at some Inn on the Road; which when his Careful Wife Penelope understood, she sent him this Epistle; giving him an Account how Affairs stood at home

Your poor *Penelope* admires that you
Should ever use a Woman as you do!

Now

Now every Soldier's at his own aboard,
You, like a Sot, lye tipling on the Road:

You are not left behind 'em as a Spy,
T' inform, in case of second Mutiny :
The Devil of Hell will have that Fellow surely,
Who first began this Plaguy Hurly-burly,
Had it not been for this unlucky Fight,
Y ad stuck to work all day :--- to me at night.

Poor I must drudge at home all sorts of weather
And knit,---as Heaven and Earth would come to-
Twirling a Wheel, I sit at home---hum-drum,
And spit away my Nature on my Thumb :
Thus while I spin, you, like a carefull Spouse,
Go reeling up and down from house to house.
Being you staid so long I did conjecture,
You had been maul'd by *Sauny*, the *Scotch* Hector :
Old *Nestor*'s Son, that Fool, stood just by you,
When's empty Scull, they say, was spilt in two :

And

And, when he dropt, for all you are so stout,
You wish'd your self at home, in shitten clout.
Yet after all, *Ulysses*, I am glad
You are a live, though you're a scurvy Lad.

Our Neighbours here all day do tittle tattle,
And talk of nothing else but Blood and Battle;
Were you at home, you could not chuse but laugh
To hear 'em crack and bounce, now they are safe:
Perhaps when three or four of them are met,
And round about a Kitchin-Table set,
there's such a Noise a Clutter, and a Din,
The Rebel *Scots* are routed o're agen.

Some with Tobacco-Pipes upon a Table,
Do valiantly demonstrate to the Rabble
The Foes chief Strength; with that another Spark
Hamilton's House describes; a third, the Park;
Another spils some Ale upon the Bench,
And, with his Finger, learns you to entrench;

One acts how fierce our valiant Soldiers ran on;
 Dismounts a Can, and tells you 'tis a Cannon;
 Another cries Neighbours, observe and look,
 This Pot's Sir *Thomas*, and this Glas the Duke.
 Thus while the Husband draws this bloody Scheme;
 The Wives, behind their Chairs, were in a Dream;
 Nay, some of 'em (I question whether 'tis true)
 Do tell some mighty Deeds perform'd by you;
 That, being provok'd, you like a valiant man drew,
 And cut a *Scotch*-man's Luggs off by St. *Andrew*.

I'm ne'er the nearer, though they're over-comes
 If you'll not mind your Bus'ness here at Home:
 For, my own part, I would not care a pinn
 If they were still in Arms, and you in mine:
 Py'thee, come home; I cannot chuse but wonder
 What a God's-name you can be doing yonder:
 By every Post and Carrier to the North
 I've sent more Paper than your Neck is worth:

There are but seven Fingers amongst four,
 And here they domineer, and swear, and roar:
 Two of 'em say, they have been vast Commanders,
 The other trail'd a Pike with you in *Flanders*;
 There's one of 'em, they call him, *Merry Robert*,
 He, in a merry way, broke up the Cubboard;
 Here hath been *Irus* too, that *Irish* Thief,
 W' hath eaten up a Surloin of Roast-Bief;
 What signifies my Father or my self,
 We can't secure our Meat upon the Shelf?
 What great defence can Nurse or little Boy make
 Against a Fellow with a Horse's stomach?
 The little Rogue your Son, was almost drown'd,
 Padling about he tumbled in the Pond,
 But we recover'd him with much ado,
 I hope he'll prove a better Man than you.
 In short, If speedily you do not come,
 You will be earen out of house and home:

84 *PENELOPE* to *ULTSSES*.

The old Man's crazy, we from him must part;
And I have lay'd your usage so to heart,
That I am grown so wither'd now with Grief,
I look——more like your Mother than——

Your faithful Wife,

PENELOPE

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Theseus having made his Escape out of France with Phædra——(whose Sister Ariadne he deserted at Calais) when he came into England marry'd her, and brought her home to a Farm-House near Putney in Surrey, which he Rented of one Mr. Jove; which House during his Travell, (or rather his Ramble) he committed to his Son Hippolytus, who was a great Hunter, a handsome Fellow, and a Woman---hater; for which two last Reasons Phædra his Mother after she had acquainted her self with her Neighbours, and household affairs, fell desperately in Love; insomuch that nothing would serve her but carnal copulation with her Son in-Law; to accomplish which she humbly entreats him by this Letter to consider her Condition.

TO you my Lad, I send this amorous Scroul,
 Wishing you health, with all my Heart and
 (Soul;
 Your Mother, and your Lover does beseech,
 That with these Lines you wou'd not wipe your
 (Breech:

Thank God, my Father gave his Children breed-
 And taught us all, our Writing and our Reading.

By Letters Men have News, and Women find
 Which way and how their Sweet-hearts are en-
 (clind

Thrice I resolv'd to tell you all I thought,

But for my Blood I cou'd not get it out :

I just began to say — My dearest Poll,

Then laugh'd, and turn'd aside, and ruin'd all ;

Tho' 'tis no laughing matter, for I own

I love the very Ground thou tread'st upon.

I'll tell thee, Poll, and mark me what I say,

If Love thou Sullenly dost disobey,

Tho' he's a Boy, not half so big as you,

Yet Fairy-like he'll pinch yo' black and blew ;

On a full speed your Horse he'll lead astray,

And like a Hate he'll cross you in your way.

If he assaults — you cannot beat him off

Either with hunting Pole or Quarter-Staff.

'Hath sworn, (tho' to your Father I am wed,)
 To bind you fast, and bring you to my Bed. I
 'Tis true, your strength is great, his only Art,
 You pitch the Bar, and he can throw a Dart,
 What need I use these words? dear Polly—come
 Let us embrace, you're not at home.
 You know my Reputation's very great,
 Whoo'd guess that You and I shou'd do the feat.
 Oh how I am stung, I have as little Ease,
 As if I had disturbd a Hive of Bees.
 I purr and purr, just like our Tabby Cat,
 As if I knew not what I wou'd be at:
 When Young, I cou'd have cur'd these am'rous
 (stings
 With Carrots, Radishes, or such like things;
 Now there's no pleasure in such Earthly cures,
 I must have things apply'd as warm as yours.
 Where lies the blame, art thou not strong, and
 (young?
 Who wou'd not gather fruit that is well hung?

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 Now there's no pleasure in such Earthly cures,
 I must have things apply'd as warm as yours.
 Where lies the blame, art thou not strong, and
 (young?
 Who wou'd not gather fruit that is well hung?

Or who can call't a Sin when we have done,
 Main't I have leave to hug my Husband's Son?
 Suppose our Landlord *Jove*, that gallant Wight,
 Had a month's mind to lodge with me one night;
 Nay——if his Lady too should give consent,
 For you I'd quit him, though hee'd quit his rent,
 Since you'l not hunt in this my softer place,
 Where I should get the better of the chase;
 Since the large Fields and Woods you rummage,
 Disdaining my poor little Cunny——(through,
 I'll follow you o're Ditches, and throu' Boggs,
 And whoop and hollow after all the Dogs:
 I'll speak to th' hounds so well hey! *Jowler, Bow-*
 That none, but you shall know I am a Woman; *(man,*
 I'll praise your Greyhound *Delia*, when you course,
 She shall my Mistress be, and 'll be yours.
 Under a hedge I'll squat down like a Hare,
 And you alone shall find me sitting there.

Sometimes upon a Horse I'll get astride,
 And after you, as I were mad I'll ride;
 For all our Generation have been so,
 When they're in Love they know not what they
 You've heard that Mistress *Europe* was my Gran-^{(do}
 She went away with *Jupiter* at Random. ^{(dam;}

Pasiphae my Mother was so full
 Of strange Vagaries that she suck'd a Bull.
 My Husband with my Sister lay—or rather
 I should have told you it was your Father.

Poor *Adne* was starke mad for him, and now
 I am (God knows) as mad in Love with you.

So that between the Father and the Son,
 There are two Sisters like to be undone.

I never shall forget with what a Grace
 You drest your self in order for the chase;
 Your Visage not too red, but only tan'd,
 Of the same colour with your brawny hand.

An ancient Bever on your head you put,
 Like a three——Pigeon Pye, in corners cut.
 A little Jacket made of blewish green,
 Which had the Death of many a Badger seen.
 Your hair your own, which shew'd you not de-
 (bauch'd,
 Not nicely trim'd, for here and there 'twas notch'd.
 I hate your Fellows with your powder'd Wigs,
 As m' Husband us'd to say, they look like Prigs.
 You'd lasting Breeches made of Buckskin Leather,
 To keep the fundamental parts from weather.
 But when you reach'd your hanger from the Bed,
 Another Weapon came into my head.
 Not all your days can give you such delight,
 Or half the Sport I'll shew you in a Night,
 Delia's your Joy, Delia does you bewith;
 Can you neglect a Christian, for a Bitch?
 Cephalus your Companion and old Crony,
 Valu'd a Dog better than ready money.

Hee'd get upon a Horse, though half asleep,
 Ready to hunt before the Day did pcep ;
 But when h'ad once tasted *Aurora's* sweets,
 He found out better Game between the sheets ;
 For then unless she pleas'd, he durst not say,
 (Nor did he wish) that it would e're be day.
 Why should not we consent to try our skill ?
 I'm certain you and I can do as well.
 Therefore dear *Poll*, I offer very fair,
 Under *Barn-Elmes* I'll meet you if you dare ;
 Since none but Country Sports can humour you,
 I'll wrastle wi'll you there a fall or two ;
 Though o' my, Conscience I believe you'l throw
 (me,
 But if you shou'd, perhaps it won't undo me ;
 And when you have me down among the Trees,
 You wanton Rogue, you may do what you please.
 Wee'd no such opportunity before :
 Your Father is at *London* with his Whore.

There-

Therefore I think 'tis but a just design,
 To cuckold him, and pay him in his coin.
 Besides he ne're was marry'd to your Mother,
 He first whor'd her, and then he took another.
 What kindness or respect ought we to have
 For such a Villain and perfidious Knave?
 This should not trouble, but provoke us rather
 With all the speed we can to lye together.
 I am no kin to you, nor you to me,
 They call it Incest but to terrifie.
 Lovers Embraces are Lascivious Tricks,
 'Mongst musty Puritans and Schismatics.
 Did not our Master *Jove* chuse him a Mistress,
 Who should it be but one of his own Sisters?
 There's no engendring can be truly good,
 But when we fancy that we are of a blood.
 Under the names of Mother and of Son,
 What pretty pleasant actions may be done?

All they will say, because I'm kind to thee,
 I'm Mother both in Law and Equity:
 Take heart of Grace, be not afraid of Spyes,
 I care not if there were Ten thousand Eyes;
 I'll leave the door without the Bolt or Lock:
 What if they saw us in our Shirt or Smock.
 Nay I'll suppose we should be seen in Bed,
 What can there to our prejudice be said?
 That you came wet and dripping from the chase,
 And I'd a mind to give you my warm place.
 I did not think to've said so much in haste,
 But Love like Murder must come out at last:
 The Fort lies open, therefore scorn it not,
 But come with speed, and enter on the spot;
 Let us imagine now the worst can happen;
 Suppose that you and I were taken napping;
 And *Theseus* says, Begone you filthy Whore;
 Away you Rogue, and so he shuts the door.

What

94 PHÆDRA to HYPPOLITUS.

What if he does, why then for *France* with speed,
 We shall be there supply'd with all we need.
 My Father dwells at *Paris* in good credit,
 And well to pass is he, though I have said it ;
 There he's as well known as Begger knows his dish,
 We'll live as bravely then as Heart can wish :
 Therefore make haste, dream not of any harms,
 Thou'lt be secure enough within my arms.
 When you go out, may you be sure of Game ;
 May your horse never tire nor happen lame :
 At a default may the Dogs never be,
 May *Delia* bring forth Whelps as good as she.
 May you it'h' Field ne're want a draught of Beer,
 Or Bread and Cheese, or such like hunting cheer ;
 While I sit pining for you here at home,
 When I have cry'd out both my Eyes you'l come.

HYPSIPTLE

HYP SIPLE to JASON.

Lately Translated out of

OVID:

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Jason, a quondam Foot-man, with some others, the nimblest of the same Function, joyn'd their Stocks, and purchas'd a Silver-Bowl, which they ran for from Barnet to St. Albans; but before the day of the Match, one Medæa, a Gipsy; and Strouler in those Parts, took a more than ordinary fancy towards Jason, whom she so dieted with new-laid Eggs, or what the Devil it was else, (she being suspected of Witchcraft,) that he won the Plate; and beat two famous Foot Jockeys, Whipping-Tom and Teage: Hypsiple, his Wife, whom
he

he had deserted, hearing of his good success, and withall, of his Love-intrigue with Medæa, caused this Epistle to be sent to him.

From So-hoe Fields, Feb. 27. 1680.

Husband,

THe Neighbours in our Alley do relate,
That at St. *Albans* you have won the Plate.
How easie a matter had it been for you.
Thave sent poor *Hyp.* your Wife, a *George* or two?
Did I, when *Flannel* was both dear and scarce;
Make you Trunk-hose to your ungrateful Arse;
I sew'd so long, my Fingers still do ake,
And, in all Conscience, I deserve my Snack.

I can hear something, though I keep at home;
I hear, y'have beaten *Teague* and *Whipping-Tom*.
You ran so swift, and strong, the People say,
You bore down all that stood but in your way:

Befor

Before your foundred Fellows could come up
 You won the Match, and feis'd the *Caudla-Cup*.
 I know, y' have been a Rogue, and done me
 Yet I'd hear this from your own flattr'ing Tongue. (wrong;
 But why shouldst thou e'er hope for that, poor
 (Hypsi,
 Since *Jason* loves a Bacon-visag'd Gipsy.
 As I was washing, th'other day at door,
 There came a Scoundril, ill-look'd Son-of-a-whore,
 Who, jeering, ask'd if I were Madam *Jason*?
 I'd like t'have thrown Soap suds his ugly Face-on.
 Said I, I'm *Jason's* Wife, for want of better;
 Have you brought Money, from him, or a Letter?
 How does he do? is he not very fine?
 Come, come, let's see, I'm sure h'ath sent me Coin.
 Quoth he, By God of Heaven, not a Souze;
 He only bid me see you at your House.
 The Fellow told m' a Tale of Cock and Bull;
 At last, I ask'd about your Tawny-Trull.

H

He

He said, *Medea's* your beloved Gipsey,
 And that your often seen together tipsey ;
 But, he believ'd 'twas but a Trick of youth :
 A Trick ; said I, the Devil stop your Mouth.

Wound I had been lash'd and wihipt the City
 That day I marry' thee, loose Vagabond : (round

The Hangman in disguise read Common-pray'r
 When we were match'd, a very Hopefull Pair :
 Curst be the time I did admit you first,
 And strove to quench your everlasting thirst :
 What Plague posselt, me when I brought you
home?

This was no place to run with *Whipping-Tom*,
 If I had taken but my Sisters counsel,
 Y'had never set your flat-foot o'er the grou ndsel:
 She bid me exercise the Fork and Spit ;
 We'd then good Goods, but now the De'il a bit,
 'Twas well enough a year, nay, almost two;
 What Fury hath possession of you now ?

Villain,

HYPSIPYLE to JASON. 99

Villain, remember when you went away,
 How often you Damn'd your self, you would not
 And smoothly said, No place shall us divide;
 A Curse upon your base dissembling Hide:
 I was so big that I could hardly tumble,
 Yet I believ'd your Oaths, and durst not grumble:
 Said you, dear *Hypsi*. know that I am dead,
 If I don't come before you're brought to bed;
 You look'd like Air, with Breeches close to thighs,
 I fancy'd you'd be back within a trice:
 When you were gone I to the Garret crept,
 To see how nimbly o'er the Fields you tript;
 As swift you went, so swift return you'd make,
 But all this haste was for that Bitche's sake:
 Why do I rub my windows, wash my Room,
 Expecting still your Rogueship would come home?
 'T would never vex me, if you were not seen
 With such a damn'd confounded nasty Quean:

A Witch, a Bitch, in whom the Devil dwells,
Whose Face is made of Grease and Wall-nut-shells.
Master, quoth she, e'er from this Town you stir
You'll lose, (that is Your Pocket's pick'd by her.)
A plaguy Jade, who curses Night and Noon,
And houl, and heaves her Arse against the Moon,
Contemning her as Authress of the Flowers ;
Railing at all our Sex, and Poxing yours :
No Childing Women doth in Travel linger,
But tow'rds her Pain the Fiend holds up a Finger:
She'll ride a Stick ; when Sow is brought to bed,
Then Pigs have no more life than pigs of Lead :
She, with the Mother, at a door will wheedle,
And, in her Infant's heart, will stick a Needle :
This I believe, what e'er of me you think,
S' hath put some Rotten-post into your drink.

'Tis strange, that I should suffer all these wrongs
From her whom I would scorn to touch with
(Tongs.
You'll

You'll lose the Name of beating *Tom* and *Teague*,
Whilst with this Whore you do continue League:
Nay, some do very confidently say't,]
'Twas by her Witch-craft that you won the Plate:
Some think her Devil, others, new-laid Eggs,
Made you so fast advance your Bandy-leggs:
What can you find in such a Punck as she
Who from a Dunhill brings her Pedigree?
My Father dwells at Sign of *Golden-Can*,
An honest Vict'ler, a substantial Man:
'Tis true, they say, he is a drunken Sot;
What then; i'th' Parish he paies Scot and Lot:
Old *Bacchus*, the Wine-cooper, was my Grandfire;
Let her produce such Kindred if she can Sir:
Her Children have been gotten in a Bog.
By some large-pintled Wolf, or Mastive Dog:
My Babes were neither got nor whelp'd i'th'
(Streets,
I labour'd for them 'twixt a pair of Sheets:

That they are yours, I'm sure, you need not
(doubt,
For they're as like as if y' had spit them out:

Could they have gone, alone I'd made 'em amble
To your Apartment underneath a Bramble ;
But I consider'd how your Whore would treat
(em,

Nay, it is ten to one, the Hag would eat 'em ;
Or else, perhaps, she'd stick their tender Skins
All full of Sparables, or croocked Pins ;

Since of her own s' hath murther'd many a Brat,
Would she spare mine ; oh ! never tell me that.

Methink I see you and the hell-born Toad
Engendring in a Tree that's near the Road :

Suppose you were pursu'd, as y' are a Thief ;

Where would you fly ? where would you find
(relief?

What if your self and yonder Devil's dam
Should come to me, and try if you could sham ?

Sure

Sure I should make you very welcome both,
And entertain you nobly by my Troth.

I should towards you make some relenting
(Heart,
But 'tis my Goodness more than your desert:
And, for your Fire-brand there, that loathsome
(Hag,
I would contrive the greatest Pain and Plague:

Her Nose being slit, to make her look more grim,
Like a *Spred-Eagle* on her Face should seem:
Her coarse black Skin should from her Flesh be
(rent;
I'd run a Spit into her Fundament:

And, *Jason*, this thy Punishment should be,
Thou shouldst eat those, so oft have swallow'd
(thee.

But since it must not be I am contented
To let my Spleen in cursing her be vented:
May she all Sustenance for ever lack,
Untill she takes her Child from off her Back,
And puts it in her belly for a Nuncheon,
And for the Fact be thrown into a Dungeon:

May she be burnt to Cinders as a Witch,
And you be hang'd for loving of a Bitch.

Tours, as you have us'd her,

HTPSIPTLE,

For John Jason, to be left at his Apartment, in a hollow Tree, between Barnet and St. Albans.

PARIS

PARIS to HELLEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Paris had liv'd a great while in Obscurity, at last being own'd by Alderman Priam a Rich Old Citizen, and receiv'd as his Son---he set up for a Gentleman; but very well knowing he could not be rightly accomplish'd without a Mistress, and hearing Fame speak viva voce in the praise of one Hellen, who liv'd somewhere in the North, He was at her house receiv'd, and during the absence of Menelaus her Husband, he endeavour'd to break his Mind to her; but being not thorough-pac'd in Gentility, his Modesty got the the upper hand of his Inclination, therefore he presently had recourse to his Pen, and writes her this conceited Letter.

FReely and from my heart without compel-
(ling,

I wish all health and happinefs to Hellen:

For if yur're Sick, I'm sure to suffer pain;

As I'm a Lover and a Gentleman,

I need

I need not tell you that I'm off oth' hooks,
Your Ladship discerns it by my Looks :
For you whose Eyes have such a piercing quick-
May see I'm overgrown in the Green-sickness ;
So that upon the whole and perfect Matter,
I am your servant but I seem your Daughter.
I cou'd eat walls as well as white bred crum,
But fear to eat you out of house and home.
For this distemper I've read many Cures,
But the sole power of healing must be Yours.
Your Holiness (I cannot call you less,
That doth on Earth perform such Miracles,)
Your holiness I say within few weeks,
May fetch a lively colour in my Cheeks.
But if we are to long e're we begin,
I'm apt to fear it may corrupt within.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that makes me tofs & tumble
And in my Entrails does like Jollup rumble :

'Tis

'Tis as impossible you should not see't,
As 'tis to hide the Pox both small and great.
'Tis Love, You know th' effects of that disease,
Therefore pray fall to work when e're you please.
If at these Lines you do not jeer nor Jybe,
There is some hopes you may receive the Scribe.
And Madam know, I did engage the Stars,
Before I durst engage in *Cupid's* Wars.
This is a grand affair, I had been silly
T'ave ventur'd on't without consulting *Lilly*:
To him I went for my own happy ends,
And all the Planets he hath made my Friends,
But above all, the most pellucid *Venus*,
Hath promis'd there should be a Job between us:
She knoweth best what's good for you and me,
She does command our Fates and Powers d'ye see.
Without her leave no living Lover stirs,
Paris, said she, put on your Boots and Spurs.

She

She did consent I should ascend my horse,
And toward your Mansion bend my glorious
Never by her was riding yet forbidden, (course.
Her Goddess-ship with pleasure has been ridden.
My heart's upon the racking trot---alas!
But she can bring it to a Gentle pace.
Next, Madam, know, you- Sight was no surprize,
I lov'd you by my Ears as well as Eyes.
Your Fame hath much out-sounded the Report,
Of the great Guns at taking of a Fort.
I came not here to seek terrestrial self,
I made this progress for your heavenly self.
The Wombo'th' Universe if I should rife,
To your more secret parts 'twere but a trifle.
To see your ancient Pile, I do not range,
We have more lofty Fabricks near th' Exchange.
'Twas for your sake I spurr'd my stubborn Steed,
For you alone thro' thick and thin I rid.

You're

You're mine, what desperate mortal dares gain-
(say't?)

sure I may take my Planet's word for that.

I fain would tell your Ladiship a Dream,

If it would not too great a trouble seem.

My Mother dream't, when she with me was quick,

She should bring forth a lighted Fagot--stick :

I am that Fagot-stick, I burn apace,

Oh quench me, Madam, in your watring---place.

I've taken fire at you, as a match at tinder ;

Cool me, or else your Servant is a Cinder.

This was my Mother's dream, I now design,

Under Correction, to relate your mine.

I laid me down to sleep one Summers day,

Under the shade of a new Stack of Hay ;

For we poor Lovers, such is our hard case,

Are glad to take a Nap in any place ;

Three naked Ladies came, I well remember,

As naked as the Trees are---in *December* ;

They

They told me they'd be judg'd alone by me,
 Which was the most deserving of the Three;
 The first would bribe me with a Purse of Gold;
 My Judgment's neither to be bought nor sold:
 The second offer'd me a Tilting Sword,
 Knowing I ne're would take an angry word:
 But sayes the third, and in my face she giggled,
 With such poor toys you're not to be inveigled,
 But if you value me above the rest,
 Then know young----man, you are for ever blest.
 Within a little time you shall arrive,
 Where a resplendent Country Dame does live;
 First you must court her like an humble Beggar,
 At last shee'll yield, and you may lay your Leg---
 The Prize is yours, said I, you ought to take't, ^{(o're;}
 I kiss'd her lower Parts, and so I wak'd.
 My Dream is out, for thus I do explain it,
 You are the Countrey Dame, and she the Planet.

Without

Without delay I put on my accoutring,
 And with full speed, I came to you---a---suitring.
 But just as I was putting Foot in Stirrup,
 Drinking with Friends a parting cup of Syrrup,
 My Sister came to th' door, a mad young Lass,
 Her name's *Cassandra*, but we call her *Cass*;
 Brother, quoth she, beware, beware, I say,
 You do not meet a Fireship by the way:
 A strange wild Wench, I hope she did not mean
 That any where your Ladiship's unclean;
 Heavens forbid, Good Soul, she meant no more
 Then flames of Love, as I have said before.
 Being arriv'd at this your decent house,
 Whom should I meet but your Illustrious Spouse?
 He brought a Tankard out of good March Beer,
 Cold Pork and Butter, and such household chear;
 He ask'd---if ever I Tobacco took,
 I said I'd take a pipe---but cou'd not smoak;

He

He shew'd m' his Garden, and his fine young
(Trees,
His Barn, his Stable, and his house of Ease :
I said 'twas wondrous pretty---but my mind
Still ran on what my Planet had design'd,
At last you came with such a dazzling grace,
I thought the Sun and Moon was in your face,
Lilly's and Roses, Pinks and Violets,
Your looks were loaded with the vernal sweets;
Your poor adorer was in such amaze,
I vow and swear I knew not where I was;
Before I spoke I fell to private pray'r,
" Planet I thank thee for thy tender care ;
" Now thou hast rais'd my Bliss to such a pitch,
" I humbly beg, that thou'dst go thorough stitch.
At last I spake and bow'd in seemly wise,
And paid obedience to your sparkling Eyes ;
Your Beauty's greater than your fame did boast,
So is a May-Pole taller than a Post.

I've heard, you once conferr'd your gracious fa-
On *Theseus*, who was thought a cunning shaver ;
(your
With him your Ladiship has play'd some Gambols,
Froliques y'have had, and many pleasant rambles.
But, by your Leave, your Lover was a Clown,
For leaving your bright Eminence so soon ;
D'ye think that *Paris* would have serv'd you so,
Would he have let Illustrious *Hellen* go ?
By *Stix* and *Acheron* your Servant swears,
Rather than part with you, he'll lose his Ears ;
When that hour comes for which we both were
(born
And soon 'twill come, or Planet is forsworn ;
When we shall lye entranc'd — entranc'd I say,
Then if you have the heart to go, you may ;
Hasten, forsooth, hasten the happy Job,
For till't be done — my heart will shout and
(throb:

'Tis very fit that you and I should join,
Your Family's very good and so is mine.
My Father fin'd for Alderman, long since,
He's now grown rich, and lives like any Prince.
If you wou'd once make *London* your abroad.
You'd hate a Village as you'd hate a Toad.
Oh how your Ladiship wou'd stare to see
Our City Dames in all their Bravery.
They've Petticoats with Lace above their knees
Of Gold and Silver, or of Point *Veni-ce* ;
Cornets and lofty Tow'rs upon the head,
And wondrous shapes of which you never read.
How ill a Pinner with a narrow Lace,
Becomes the Beauty of so bright a Face ?
A fairer Face no mortal e're laid Lips to,
And I believe there are not whiter Hips too.
Too white to mingle with a Husband's thighs,
When I but think of that, my flesh does rise.

When

When towards me sometimes a Glance does pass;
Your poor Adorer looketh like an Ass.
For if I should return you Look for Look;
I fear your Husband will begin to smoak;
And I'll be hang'd, if ever *Menelaus*,
By any am'rous Look of mine, betray us;
Were it not at your Table I'd abuse him,
For thrusting his great Paw into your Bosom:
That Watry Fist between your Breast does seem
Like a brown *George* dropt in a Bowl of Cream.
I'm mad to see him draw his Chair so close,
And kiss, and hugg you underneath my Nose.
Then I go out, pretending to make Water,
Seeming to take no notice of the matter:
To all true Hearts I drink a Cup of Wine,
A Health that does imply both yours and mine;

I 2

Then

Then seeming drunk, I tell some strange Romance,
And lay the Scene in *Italy* or *France* ;
Of some bright Lady, and her brisk---Gall---ant;
By which two Lovers, you and I are meant.
But, Madam, to write more of this were non-
My Planet has contriv'd the bus'ness long-since ; ^{(since,}
By curious search I something can discover,
'Tis in your Blood---you're born to be a Lover.
What think you Lady, of your Father *Jove*?
Shew me a Town-bull h'as been more in Love.
Your Mother, *Leda*, too, who gave you suck,
H'as she not been as good as ever struk?
When s'had a lusty Youth between her thighs,
What d'ee think? would *Leda* cry to rise?
Your Parents being as right as ever pist,
If you should be precise, you wou'd be hist.

But

But if you must be constant to one Man,
With me to *London* make what hast you can.
There wee'll provide a little Winter House,
And you shall pass for my renowned Spouse.
By what I see your Husband does approve,
That in your Absence here I should make Love.
Or wou'd he else have gone, — under pretence,
To buy a Horse — a hundred miles from hence?
The Bus'ness seems to me, as plain a case,
As is the Noise upon your beauteous face.
To let you know that I should be no clog,
Did he not say, Love me and love my Dog?
Nelly, said he, be kind unto my Guest,
And let his entertainment be the *Best*.
I presently his meaning understood,
If yours be not the *Best* — then nothing's good.
You see your Husband orders our affairs,
Therefore, dear Madam, do not hang an Arse,

But let's away to *London*---*Crop* does wait,
Saddled and bridled at the Garden---gate ;
Crop's a good Natur'd Beast---and carries double,
And will not think your Ladiship a trouble.
Strike while the Iron's hot, my Love is servant,
Get up, and ride behind-----

Your humble Servant

Paris.

HELLEN

HELLEN's Answer to *PARIS*

The ARGUMENT.

Hellen *having receiv'd his Letter, at first seems wonderfully displeas'd at his Impudence, in attempting a Lady of her unspotted fame; who was bred and born in the Town where she liv'd; and was never call'd Whore. At length the Storm's over, and she Tacks about, giving him an assurance of her readiness to comply, but doubts her Gallant wo't be constant. In plain English She's as willing as He.*

Your Letter's wrot in such a filthy stile,
 I did not think an answer worth my while,
 Till I consider'd you might offer violence,
 And take advantage of a Woman's silence.
 I'm sure you have not wanted drink or food,
 I wonder in my heart you'll be so rude.

'Tis fine y'faith---because you come from *London*,
 You think a Country Body must be run down.
 You of your Entertainment here may brag,
 You were not us'd as if you'd had the Plague.
 My Husband did receive you as a *Friend*,
 And wou'd you to his Wife now prove a *Friend*?
 Perhaps you'll say of me, when you are gone,
Hellen! a Lady! — *Hellen*'s but a clown.
 I'll owe the name, since you can say no more,
 I'd rather be a Clown, then call'd a Whore:
 Yet for all that, though I keep Cows and Daries,
 I can behave my self as well as *Paris*.
 Tho' I don't flee like a young wanton Girl,
 Yet you shall seldom see me frown or snarle.
 Tho' you such breeding, and such manners own,
 Let me deal plainly w'ye---I think you've none.
 Or could you else believe me so untrue,
 To leave my Spouse and run away with you?

Because

Because a Fellow once did pick me up,
 You think I'm to be stoln by every Fop.
 He knew not whether I was Man or Woman,
 But you conclude from thence that I am common.
 When he perceiv'd *that I was none of those,*
 He very fairly brought me to my house.
 And since I'm gotten quit of Master *Thesens,*
 Our *Paris* wou'd be nibbling too, God bless us !—
 Though by my Trooth I cannot blame your Love,
 If I were sure that you wou'd constant prove,
 Dy'e think I should not be in dainty pickle,
 If I should run away with one that's fickle?
 You urg'd to me th' example of my Mother,
 As if the Daughter shou'd be such another.
 You don't consider *Leda*, was betray'd,
 By one that courted her in Masquerade.
 She thought sh'ad met a harmless plum of feather,
 But at *long-run* he prov'd a Stallion rather.

His

His Famili's the best in all the County,
 All that you live by's but a Tradfinan's bounty.
 But that's all one, whereever love prevails,
 Money's no more than pairing of my Nails.
 Sometimes I think you love me when you look
 With Eyes unmov'd, just like a Pig that's stuck,
 And dabble with your fingers in my Palm,
 And use to call the moisture of it, — Balm.
 If in the Glafs I leave a little drop,
 You'd say I'll drink your snuffs—and suck it up.
Hellen you carv'd with Penkife on the Gate,
 And I wrot *Paris* just a top of that.
 These are shrewd signs of Love, and without
 You'd give a Leg or Arm to have a Bout. (doubt,
 Tho' you are not the first Man by a hundred,
 That has seen me, and lov'd and gaz'd and won-
 If you at first had come into our Town, (dred.
 And courted *Hellen* in a Grogram Gown,
 When

When I was but a silly Soul, God knows,
You might have made a Bridge of *Menel's* Nose.
Now he commands in chief your Suit is vain,
To all true Lovers Marriage is a Bane.

But why should *Paris* for a Mistress long,
Since in your Sleep your Fancy is so strong?
You can see three stark naked at a time,
And take your choice of Beauty's in a dream:
Yet you left Honour, Wealth, and God knows
(what.

And all for me—a pretty fancy that.
I know 'tis wheedle,—but if all were true,
It is no more than I would do for you.
You guess my want of Skill, by being so plain,
For I'am not us'd to write to any Man,
Except t' a Millener, (my Husband's Cozen)
Who sends me Gloves,—— and Ribbands by the
(dozen.
Well——since it must be so——let's be discreet,
Let not our Town take notice that we meet;

For

For they suspect already you're a Wencher,
There is not such a place on Earth for Censure
Yet I can't see, why we should be so nice,
I like you---by my Husband's own advice.
I cou'd not chuse but laugh to hear him say,
Pray Love your Guest when I am gone away :
And all the while that *Menelaus* tarries.
You are committed to the charge of *Paris*.
The charge ! Let us examine well the word,
Whether he meant your charge at Bed and Board;
Why should he not mean both as well as one ?
He knows---how much I hate to lye alone.
In my weak Judgment, 'tis an easie Case,
You are in all things to supply his place.
But for the Mastership you're like to tug
Before you have me at the closest hug.
,Twill seem to me, if you some force do use,
As if I had a Maidenhead to lose.

Lord !

Lord! how I write; if I were to be damn'd,
I cou'd not say't — I should be so asham'd.
If I consent I'll hold you any Money,
You'll serve me as you did you'r dear *Oenone*.
She hop'd she should be wedded in the Church,
Instead of that you left her in the Lurch.
But if we now were toward *London* jogging,
'Tis ten to one some Puppy would be dogging,
Or else some Neighbour on the Road wou'd stay
(us,
And ask me after Mr. *Menelaus*.
Or we shall hear the Country-people say,
Would you believe that she should run-away?
Marry not handsome Wives by this Example,
Since pretty Mistress *Hellen's* on the Ramble
I'm strangely afraid of seeing Mr. *Priam*,
How I shall tremble when he asks whom I---am.
Tho' for my Life I shall not hold from Laughter,
If *Hecuba*, should say Your Servant, Daughter

But

But above All 'tis *Hector* that I dread,
That *Hector* certainly will break my Head.
Who'd think you two from the same Mother
He's like a Lyon, you are like a Lamb. (came,
Let *Hector* profer with his senseless huffing,
'Tis *knowing nothing now* that makes a Russian,
While *Paris* shall be skill'd in Lovers Arts,
And dive into our Sexes secret Parts ;
Now you begin to think 'tis ten to one,
Your Suit is granted, and the Bus'ness done.
But not so fast, — consult my Friend *Clymene*,
No doubt—you'l make the Bus'ness up 'between (ye
I'm loath to say't my self, she knows my mind,
And she can tell you how I am inclin'd.
When she informs you what must be transacted,
With too much Joy, I fear, you'l run distracted.

F I N I S.

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The

The Principal Roads in *England*, shewing the distance of one Town from another in measured and computed Miles, and the distance of each from *London*; also the Market-Towns, on each Road, with the Days of the Week the Markers are kept on; as likewise the Hundred and County each Town stands in. 10. The Names of the Counties, Cities, and Borough-Towns in *England* and *Wales*, with the Number of Knights, Citizens, and Burgessees chosen therein to serve in Parliament. 11. The usual and authorized Rates of Fairs of Coach-men, Car-men, and Watermen. The Sixth Edition with Tables for casting up Nobles, Marks, Guineas, and Broad Gold.

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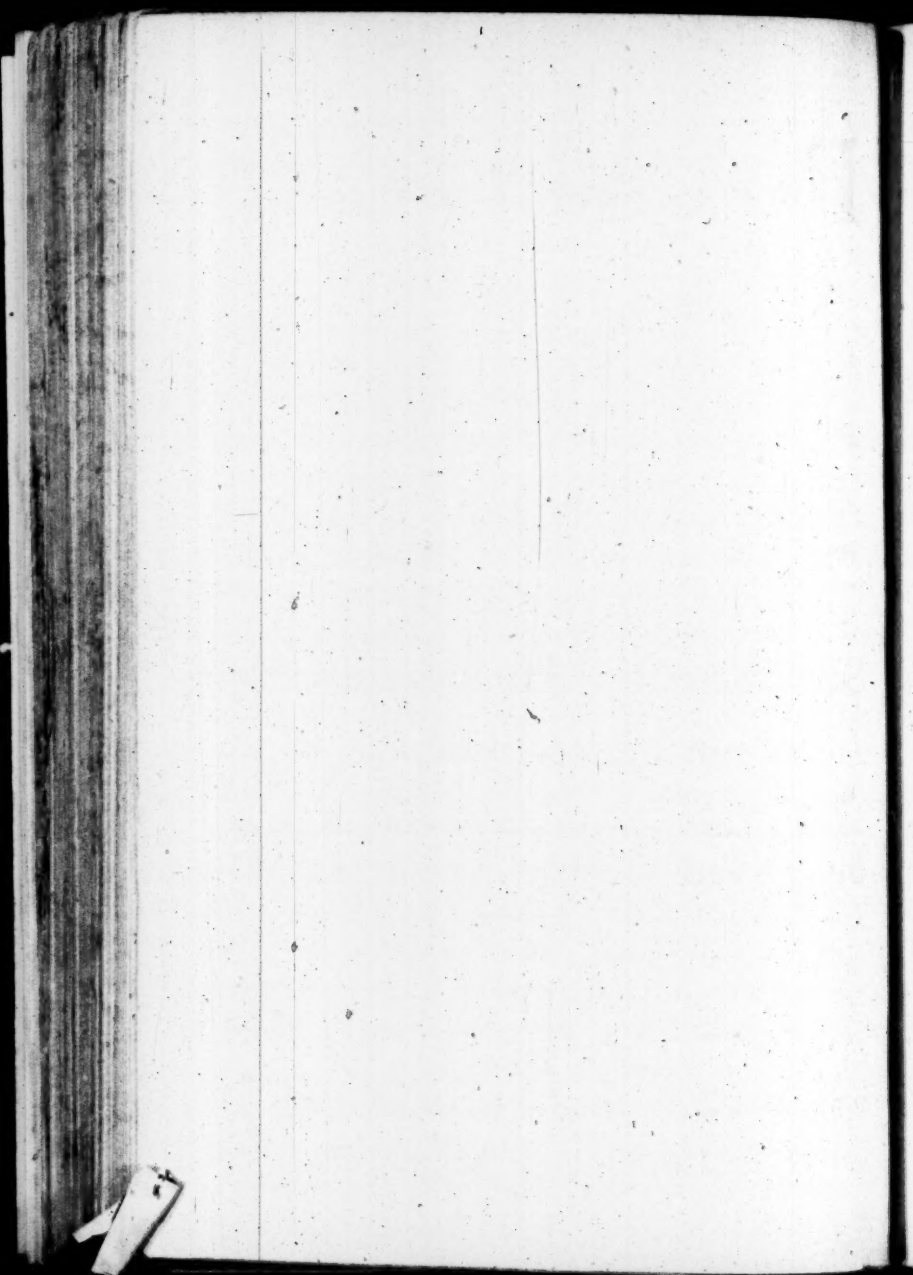
THE
RAMBLE:
A N
ANTI-HEROICK
P O E M.

Together with
Some Terrestrial Hymns and Car-
nal Ejaculations.

By Alexander Radcliffe, of Greys Inn, Esq.

—*Semel insanivimus omnes.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by
Walter Davis in Amen Corner. 1682.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
JAMES
Lord Annesly.

My Lord,

THE onely pretence I had
for making this mean Offer
to your Lordship is, That your
Lordship was pleas'd to excuse
some of these loose Lines when

A 3

they

Dedication.

they were in single Sheets : Tho I
must confels I propos'd a great
Advantage, knowing that they
shall live above the reach of Cen-
sure, under your Lordships Prote-
ction, not without some Ambition
of being known to your Lordship
by the Title of,

*Your Lordships most Humble
and most Obedient Servant,*

Alex. Radcliffe.

THE
AUTHOR
TO THE
READER.

Honest Reader,

IF I thought you would not smile
immoderately, I cou'd tell you,
That by the Command of some Ho-
nourable Personages, Mark ye ! and
at the Request of my Noble Friends,
D' ye mind me ! these Trifles made

The Author

a Sally into the World, stept into the Light, appear'd in this undress, or as a Modern Author has it, was Impetuously Hurried into the Press, (by which he verified, Festinans Canis coecos peperit catulos.)

This you know is the true Cant of many Prefacers ; as who should say, Gentlemen, my Book begs your pardon for this Intrusion. But if such kind of Stuff will not pass as an Excuse for Publication , I'll tell ye what will ; by chance I overheard an offer of some foolish Guineys, and
when

to the Reader.

when those Toys are propos'd, such is our Human Frailty, we consent to the printing of any thing.

I have not further to say in the behalf of this Affair, since many of these things were wrote several years ago, when Youth and too much Money represented Extravagance a Virtue.

*This is the last of this nature I shall ever own; the next shall be some Remarks upon the Life and Death of a true pious Protestant Dissenter, with
the*

To the Reader.

*the Excellency and Necessity of Per-
jury and Equivocation in a devout
Separatist ; and that you'll say is a se-
rious business.*

— Paulo majora canamus.
God bye lovingly.

The

The Booksellers Preface to his Customers.

Obliging Gentlemen,

THE Ingenious Author having, next to his pleasure of writing these Poems, taken care to Dedicate them to a Person of Honour, and also provided an Epistle to the Reader, hath left me nothing to do, but for my profit to print and to sell them. But there having been some part of The Ramble formerly printed, under the notion of a Natural Presumptive to my Lord Rochester, for Justice to that Noble Lord, as also for defending of Liberty and Property to my Author, whose Right as well as my own is invaded; I resolv'd to bring an Habeas

The Bookseller

beas Corpus, and remove The Ramble home again, which was so falsely, maliciously, imperfectly, and feloniously made publick.

I am likewise to tell you, that the foresaid Poem called The Ramble, is here enlarged above two thirds more than heretofore you have seen it. I hope it will please you, good honest Gentile Reader ; if so, it will sell ; and if it sells, it will please me too ; and so our little share of the world will naturally run in a concord, without tormenting our selves with Fears and Jealousies, or setting up for monstrous Whigs, Tantivy Tories, Abhorring Addressers, or other inferiour no Protestant Plots and Tory Plots. For my part (Gentlemen) I am resolved (nemine contradicente) to live in a whole skin so long as I can, hoping

to the Reader.

no trifler will make a dead blow upon me;
and I do hereby promise upon the word of an
honest Stationer, that I will not endeavour
to alter the Government, as it is established
by Law either in Church or State. In fine,
I am satisfied this Book of Poems hath no
touched Treason in it, nor Arbitrary Power,
and therefore I presume to Print it, without
staying for the Suffrage of an Act of Parlia-
ment. Such as it is take it amongst you, and
if God bless you all. Vale.

The

The Bookseller

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to the Reader.

*no Irishman will make a dead blow upon me;
and I do hereby promise upon the word of an
honest Stationer, that I will not endeavour
to alter the Government, as it is established
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ment. Such as it is take it amongst you, and
so God bless you all. Vale.*

The

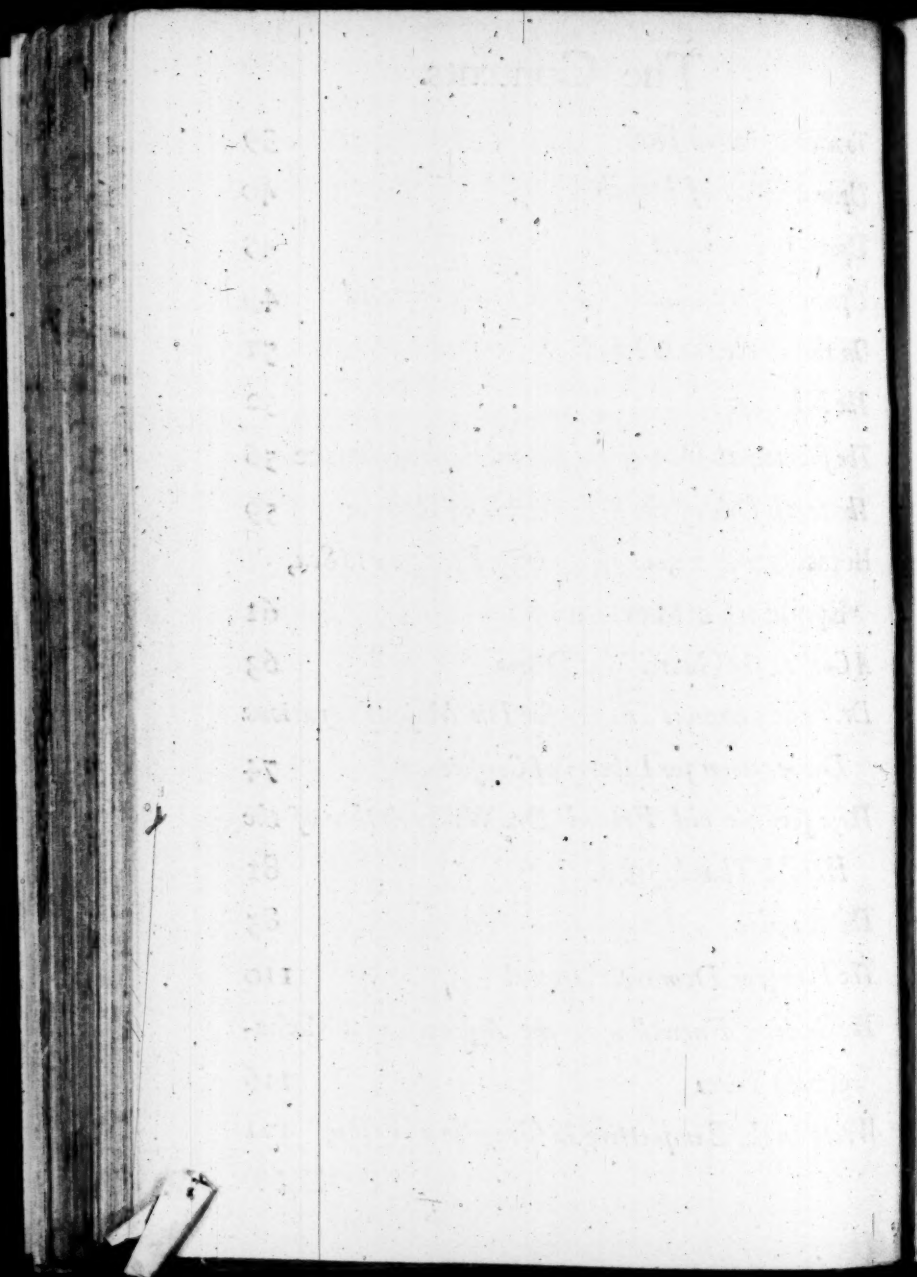
The Contents.

N <i>ews from Hell</i>	Page 1
<i>As concerning Man</i>	9
<i>Have a care what you do</i>	10
<i>A Hard Case</i>	13
<i>The Canary Mistrefs</i>	15
<i>What are you mad?</i>	17
<i>Money's all</i>	19
Songs Burlesqu'd or Varied.	
<i>As Amoret and Phillis sate</i>	21
<i>Hail to the Myrtle Shades</i>	22
<i>The poor Whores Song</i>	24
<i>Now now the Fights done</i>	27
<i>Tell me dearest</i>	28
<i>Mr. Drydens Description of Night</i>	31
<i>Disdain yet still I will love thee</i>	32
<i>Now at last the Riddle is expounded</i>	33
<i>To the Tune of Per fas per nefas</i>	34
<i>An Epitaph upon the worthy and truly vigilant Sam. Micoe Esq;</i>	35
<i>Upon Mr. Bennet Procurer extraordinary</i>	37
<i>To</i>	To

The Contents.

<i>To a late Scotch Tune</i>	39
<i>Upon a Bowl of Punch</i>	40
<i>Upon the Pyramid</i>	45
<i>Upon a superannuated Couple lately married</i>	49
<i>On the Protestants Flail</i>	51
<i>The Narrative</i>	52
<i>The fourteenth Ode of the second Book of Horace</i>	56
<i>The tenth Ode of the second Book of Horace</i>	59
<i>Horace's well wishes to a scurvy Poet gone to Sea,</i>	
<i>Epode 10. in Mævium</i>	61
<i>A Call to the Guard by a Drum</i>	63
<i>Dr. Wilds humble Thanks for His Majesty's gracious</i>	
<i>Declaration for Liberty of Conscience</i>	74
<i>These for his old Friend Dr. Wild, Author of the</i>	
<i>Humble Thanks, &c.</i>	81
<i>The Ramble</i>	85
<i>The Lawyers Demurrer argued</i>	110
<i>The Swords Farwell upon the Approach of a Michaelmas Term</i>	116
<i>Wrote in the Banqueting in Greys Inn Walks</i>	121

POEMS.



P O E M S.

News from Hell.

SO dark the Night was that old *Charon*
Could not carry Ghostly Fare-on;
But was forc'd to leave his Souls,
Stark stript of Bodies, 'mongst the Shoals
Of Black Sea-Toads, and other Fry,
Which on the Stygian Shore do lie:
Th' amazed Spirits desire recess
To their old batter'd Carcases;
But as they turn about, they find
The Night more dismal is behind.

Pluto began to fret and fume
Because the Tilt Boat did not come.

B

To

To the Shore's side he strait way trudges
 With his three Soul-censuring Judges,
 Standing on Acherontic Strand,
 He thrice three times did waft his Wand :
 From gloomy Lake did strait arise
 A meager Fiend, with broad blew Eyes;
 Approaching *Pluto*, as he bow'd,
 From's head there dropt Infernal Mud ;
 Quoth he, *A tenebris & luto*
 I come——'Tis well, quoth surly *Pluto*.
 " Go you to t'other side of *Styx*,
 " And know why *Charon's* so prolix :
 " Surely on Earth there cannot be
 " A Grant of Immortality.
 Away the wrigling Fiend soon scuds
 Through Liquids thick as Soap and Suds.

In the mean while old *Eacus*,
 Craftier far than any of us ;

For mortal Men to him are silly ;
Besides he held a League with *Lilly* ;
And what is acted here does know
As well as t'other does below :
Thus spake, " Thou mighty King of *Orcus*,
" Who into any shape canst work us ;
" I to your Greatness shall declare
" My Sentiments of this Affair.
" *Charon* you know did use to come
" With some Elucid Spirit home ;
" Some Poet bright, whose glowing Soul
" Like Torch did light him cross the Pool :
" Old *Charon* then was blithe and merry,
" With Flame and Rhapsody in Ferry.
" Shou'd he gross Souls alone take in,
" Laden with heavy rubbish Sin ;
" Sin that is nothing but Allay ;
" 'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.
" But now such Wights with Souls so clear
" Must not have Damnation here ;

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 " Sin that is nothing but Allay ;
 " 'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.
 " But now such Wights with Souls so clear
 " Must not have Damnation here ;

" Nor can we hope they'l hither move,
 " For know (Grim Sir) they're damn'd above;
 " They're damn'd on Earth by th' present Age,
 " Damn'd in Cabals, and damn'd o'th' Stage.
 " *Laureat*, who was both learn'd and florid,
 " Was damn'd long since for silence horrid:
 " Nor had there been such clutter made,
 " But that this silence did invade:
 " Invade! and so 't might well, that's clear:
 " But what did it invade?——an Ear.
 " And for some other things, 'tis true,
 " We follow Fate that does pursue.

A Lord who was in Metre wont
 To call a Privy Member C——
 Whose Verse, by Women termed lewd,
 Is still preserv'd, not understood.
 But that which made 'em curse and ban,
 Was for his Satyr against Man.

P O E M S.

5

A third was damn'd, 'cause in his Plays
He thrusts old Jests in *Archæe's* days :
Nor as they say can make a *Chorus*
Without a Tavern or a Whore-house ;
Which he to puzzle vulgar thinking,
Does call by th' name of Love and Drinking.

A fourth for writing superfine,
With words correct in every Line :
And one that does presume to say,
A Plot's too gross for any Play :
Comedy should be clean and neat,
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.
So what he writes is but Translation,
From Dog and Partridge conversation.

A fifth, who does in's last prefer
'Bove all, his own dear Character :
And fain wou'd seem upon the Stage
Too Manly for this flippant Age.

B 3

A.

A sixth, whose lofty Fancy towers
 'Bove Fate, Eternity and Powers :
 Rumbles i'th' Sky, and makes a bustle ;
 So Gods meet Gods i'th dark and juttle.

Seventh, because he'd rather chuse
 To spoil his Verse than tire his Muse.
 Nor will he let Heroicks chime ;
 Fancy (quoth he) is lost by Rhime.
 And he that's us'd to clashing Swords
 Should not delight in sounds of words.
Mars with *Mercury* should not mingle ;
 Great Warriours shou'd speak big, not jingle.

Amongst this Heptarchy of Wit,
 The censuring Age have thought it fit
 To damn a Woman, 'cause 'tis said,
 The Plays she vends she never made.
 But that a *Greys Inn* Lawyer does 'em,
 Who unto her was Friend in Bosom.

So not presenting Scarf and Hood,
New Plays and Songs are full as good.

These are the better sort I grant,
Damn'd onely by the Ignorant :
But still there are a scribling Fry
Ought to be damn'd eternally ;
An unlearn'd Tribe, o'th' lower rate,
Who will be Poets spite of Fate ;
Whose Character's not worth reciting,
They scarce can read; yet will be writing:
As t'other day a silly Oase
Instead of *Jove* did call on *Jose* :
Whose humble Muse descends to Cellars,
Or at the best to *Herc'les Pillars*.
Now *Charon* I presume does stop,
Expecting one of these wou'd drop;
For any such Poetick Damn'd-boy
Will light him home as well as Flambeau.

Eacus just had made an end,
When did arrive the dripping Fiend,
Who did confirm the Judges speech,
That *Charon* did a Light beseech.
They fell to Consultation grave,
To find some strange enlightned Knave,
Faux had like t'have been the Spark,
But that his Lanthorn was too dark.
At last th'agreed a sullen Quaker
Should be this business Undertaker;
The fittest Soul for this exploit,
Because he had the newest Light :
Him soon from sable Den they drag,
Who of his Sufferings doth brag;
And unto Heel of Fiend being ty'd,
To *Charons* Vessel was convey'd.
Charon came home, all things were well ;
This is the onely News from Hell.

As concerning Man.

T O what intent or purpose was Man made,
Who is by Birth to misery betray'd ?
Man in his tedious course of life runs through
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
Doctors, Divines, grave Disputations, Puns,
Ill looking Citizens and scurvy Duns ;
Insipid Squires, fat Bishops, Deans and Chapters,
Enthusiasts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures ;
Pox, Gout, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums
and Aches ;
Half witted Lords, double chinn'd Bawds with
Patches ;
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery Suits for Life,
A teasing Whore, and a more tedious Wife ;
Raw Inns of Court men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies robust, round Aldermen, and Clowns ;
Gown-

Gown-men which argue, and discuss, and prate,
 And vent dull Notions of a future State;
 Sure of another World, yet do not know
 Whether they shall be sav'd, or damn'd, or how.

'Twere better then that Man had never been,
 Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

Have a care what you do.

I.

WHile Men endeavoured to adorn
 The guilded Crest of bloudy *Mars*,
 Poor Love met with contempt and scorn,
 Nor had he one Rag to his Arse.

II.

His Wings were clogg'd with melting Snow,
 Hardly supported by his Legs:

He

P O E M S.

11

He had no string left to his Bow,
His Arrows too had lost their Pegs.

III.

I who had always seen him gay,
Wondered to find him thus distressed;
I told him if with me he'd stay,
He might be welcom to my Breast.

IV.

With a faint Smile he shew'd his joy,
And softly to his Lodgings crept,
Where some design disturb'd the Boy,
He prattled all the time he slept.

V.

With a large Sigh his Soul I fill'd,
Which made a rumbling in his Guts;
Into his mouth I Tears distill'd,
Tears bigger far than Hazzle Nuts.

His

VI.

His strength return'd to every Limb,
I let him round about me play ;
I thought my self secure of him,
Not dreaming he wou'd run away.

VII.

But this base perfidious Elf
Ungratefully from me did part,
Not onely stole away himself,
But took along with him my Heart.

VIII.

To *Cælia* then I did repàir
With peremptory Hue and Cry,
Being assur'd this stolen Ware
Must light into her custody.

IX.

IX.

She own'd it with obsequious art,
And drew on me this dire mishap,
'Stead of returning me my Heart
She gave me a confounded Clap.

A Hard Case.

When trembling Pris'ners stand at Bar
In strange suspense about the Verdict :
And when pronounc'd they Guilty are,
How they're astonish'd when they've heard it!

When in a Storm a Ship is toss'd,
All ask, What does the Captain say?
How they bemoan themselves as lost,
When his Advice is onely, *Pray!*

And

And as it was my pleasing chance
To meet fair *Cælia* in a Grove;
Both Time and Place conspir'd t'advance
The innocent designs of Love.

I thought my happiness compleat,
'Twas in her power to make it so :
I ask'd her if she'd do the feat,
But (filly Soul !) she answer'd, No.

Poor Pris'ners may have mercy shewn,
And shipwreck'd men may have the luck
To see their Tempests overblown,
But *Cælia* I shall never

The Canary Mistress.

Fondling forbear, 'tis Heresie to think
There is a Mistress equal to thy Drink ;
Or if in love with any, 't must be rather
With that plump Girl that does call *Bacchus* Fa-
ther.

Thou mayst out-look, arm'd with her warm em-
brace,

Ten thousand Volleys shot from Womans Face,
Who wou'd withstand without this Aid Divine
Ten thousand times as many Tears of thine ;
As many Sighs and Prayers would be her sport,
Exalted she so long maintains her Fort.

But when Diviner Sack hath fir'd thy Bloud,
Creating Flames which cannot be withstood ;
To which is added Confidence as great
As his, that aim'd at *Joves* Celestial Seat ;

Boldly

Boldly march on, not granting her the leifure
Of Parly ; 'tis the Speed augments the Pleafure.
If ſhe cry out, with Kiffes ſtop her Breath ;
She cannot wiſh to die a better Death.

Tell her the pleaſant paſſages between
The God of War and Loves more gentle Queen,
When feeble *Vulcan* came, and in a fear
Leſt they wou'd not continue longer there,
He chain'd 'em to the ſport, with an intent
To keep ſuch Lovers for a Precedent ;
Glad to behold a tempting pleaſure that
His weak Endeavours never could create.

Then ſtroke her Breasts thoſe Mountains of De-
light,

Whoſe very Touch would fire an Anchorite.

Next let thy wanton Palm a little ſtray,
And dip thy Fingers in the Milky Way :

Thus having raiz'd her, gently let her fall,

Loves Trumpets ſound, Now Mortal have at all.

A happy end thus made of all your sport,
 Lead her where every Lover shou'd resort,
 Where Madam Sack's enthron'd, the tempting't
 That e'er was seated in a *Venice* Glass. (Last
 Last, that this sense of Pleasure may remain,
 Cast away Thought and fall to Drink again.
 Drink off the Glasses, swallow every Bowl,
 And pity him that sighs away his Soul
 For that poor trifle Woman, who is mine
 With one small Gallon of Immortal Wine.
 To get a Mistress Drinking is the knack;
 Love's grand existence is Almighty Sack.

What are you mad?

I'LL mount my thoughts to Giant height,
 I'm Constellation in conceit.

I'll pluck down *Sol*, and mount his Sphere;
 Then sullen *Daphne* shall appear,

C

And

And seeing me grasp *Phæbus* Rays,
Shall cringe and crown me with her Bays.
I'll rape the Moon, it shall be said,
Cynthia hath chang'd the name of Maid ;
Her twinkling Girles shall all be ta'en,
No Virgin left to bear her Train.
Thus conquering Sun, Moon, and Stars,
'Gainst Gods themselves I'll levy Wars.
Or if on Earth my Mind can rest,
I'll be a Monarch at the least.
Our dull Plebeians shall grow quicker,
Rincing their muddy Brains in Liqueur.
The Miser then shall scatter Cash,
For Wine shall change his Balderdash ;
And sing and drink, and drink and sing,
Till every Subject turns a King.
The conquer'd Gods shall make us Legs,
Intreating they may sip the dregs.
Thus will we tipple till the World
Into Oblivion is hurld :

And

And when we feel old Age does come,
We'll post into *Elysium* ;
And there our chiefest Joys shall be
To think of past Felicity.

Money's All.

Beauty is Nature's quaint Disguise,
A Covert for the Game we hunt ;
Being pinch'd but once or twice it dies,
And leaves behind a slimy

Honour's the pleasing Cheat of Men,
The White that does discover Blots ;
Like to the Plague at height, which then
Produceth gawdy purple spots.

Wisdom the Souls grave penury,
Which he that owns dares not be brave ;

But with dull Morals must comply,
Left the fond Age should call him Knave.

But he whose Wealth ne'er knew a measure,
May be truly termed free ;
For while he rules alone in Treasure,
He commands the other three.

Several

Several Late

S O N G S

Burlesqu'd or Varied.

As Amoret and Phyllis sate, &c.

A S *Tom* and I well warm'd with Wine
 Were fitting at the Rose,
 In came Sir *John* with dire design
 To ply us in the close.

The threatening Bumpers to remove
 I whisper'd in his Ear;
 Ah *Tom*, a bloody Night 'twill prove,
 There is no staying here.

There is no, &c.

None ever yet had such an art

In filling to the Brim ;

Nor can you e'er expect to part,

If once engag'd with him.

Fly, fly betimes, for at this rate,

We certainly are sunk :

In vain (said *Tom*) in vain you prate,

I am already drunk.

I am already drunk.

Hail to the Myrtle Shades, &c.

Pitty the private Cabal,

Ah pitty the Green Ribbon Club ;

They've cut off poor *Strephon*'s Entail,

And *Strephon* has met with a rub.

Strephon

Strephon has still the same Creatures,
Who fill him with many a doubt ;
But *Strephon* won't stoop to his Betters ;
Ah^o *Strephon*, ah why so stout !

Strephon once caper'd and pranc'd ;
Who but *Strephon* at Masks and at Balls !
Strephon the Saraband danc'd,
But *Strephon* now leads up the Brawls.
Strephon who ne'er had the skill
To use either Figure or Trope ;
For *Strephon* has no lofty Style,
Nor e'er was cut out for a Pope.

Strephon though not by his Tongue
Has drawn to him Parties and Factions,
People that make the day long
By buzzing of private Transactions.
Strephon has little to say,
But laughs at the Lord knows what ;

But the Club meets every day,
And sits with eternal Chat.

*The Poor Whore's Song, in allusion to
the Begging Souldier, Good your
Worship cast an Eye, &c.*

Good young Leacher cast an Eye
Upon a poor Whores misery :
Let not my antiquated Front
Make you less free than you were wont.
But like a noble Rogue
Do but disemboque,
And you shall have our constant vogue ;
For I am none of those
That a bulking goes,
And often shows
Their Bridewell blows,

Or

Or New Prison Lash,
For flogging of Cash,
Or nimming Prigsters of their Trash.

But I at Court have often been
Within the view of King and Queen ;
A Guiney to me was no more
Than Fifteen Pence to a Suburb Whore :

And when he did tilt,
I did briskly jilt,
And swallow'd *Pego* to the Hilt.
A Pox was very near,
For *Bubo* did appear,
Had not my Surgeon then been there.

Once at the Bear in *Drury Lane*
The Bullies left me for a Pawn ;
But I made my party good,
To Fifteen Guineys and a Broad.

Oh you wou'd little ween
How that I have been
As great a Jilt as e'er was seen.
But if Mother *Bennet* came
With a Wheedle or a Flam,
She'd tell you how I cut the Sham.

From thence I march'd to *Creswells* House,
Under the name of a Merchants Spouse;
And there I play'd the secret Lover,
Left jealous Husband shou'd discover.

Oh then came in the Rings,
And such like things,
Which eldest Prentice often brings.

But now my poor ———
Contrary to its wont,
Must pocket any small Affront.

Now Now the Fight's done, &c.

NOW Now the Heart's broke,
Which so long has complain'd ;
And *Clarinda* triumphs
In the Conquest sh'as gain'd.
Love laughs at the fight,
At the mischief does crow ;
For a Love-wounded Heart
Is to him a fine Show.
He plays up and down, and he sports with the
Heart,
And he shews it about on the point of his
Dart.

But since the coy Nymph
So disdainful is grown,

The

The power of her Charms

We'll for ever disown ;

We'll slight the fond Brat,

Love no longer shall wrack us,

We'll shake off his Chains

For the pleasures of *Bacchus*.

Then fill us more Wine, fill the Glass to the
brim ;

Thus we'll patch up our Hearts, they shall last
our Life-time.

Tell me dearest pr'ythee do,

Why thou wilt and wilt not too, &c.

Tell me, *Jack*, I pr'ythee do,

Why the Glass still sticks with you :

What does Bus'ness signifie,

If you let your Claret die ?

Wine when first pour'd from the Bottle

All its strength and vigour flies;

So says ancient *Aristotle*.

If it stand

In ~~your~~ hand,

It will then disband

All its Spirits in a trice.

Who dares then refuse to swallow

All the Wine that out he puts,

Will find some heavy Judgments follow,

Vinegar,

Single Beer,

Or such dismal Gear,

◀ To torment his wambling Guts.

Since to all subduing Wine

Lofty Arguments resign;

He wrongs himself that sits and prates

Of grave Matters or Debates.

Talk not then of Merchandizes,

Or what Interest may accrue

By Taxes, Subsidies, Excises,

Liberty,

Property,

Or Monopoly;

'Slife 'tis enough to make one spue.

Be as you were ever jolly,

Let it not stick at your door;

Bus'ness is the greatest folly.

Here's a Glas,

Let it pass,

He's a formal Ass,

That e'er talks of Bus'ness more.

*Mr. Drydens Description of
Night.*

ALL things were hush'd as Nature's self lay
 dead,
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie
 head;
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs re-
 peat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night dew
 sweat.
Even Lust and Envy slept, &c.

Thus Burlesqu'd.

All things were hush as when the Drawers tread
Softly to steal the Key from Masters head.

The

The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
 As if the Socket, not the Candle, burns.
 The little Foot-boy snoars upon the Stair,
 And greasie Cook-maid sweats in Elbow Chair.
 No Coach nor Link was heard, &c.

*Disdain, yet still I will love thee ;
 Nothing, &c.*

FILL't up, yet still I will take it ;
 Fill't up, I'll ne'er forsake it :
 Although
 My doom I know,
 This Glas another will usher,
 Good faith it must be so,
 Though drinking of this Brusher,
 I shall neither stand nor go.

*Now at last the Riddle is ex-
pounded, &c.*

OLD *Beelzebub* was Father of Sedition;
Pride and Arrogance began division
In Religion,
And taught men to combine.
Fetch up the t'other double Bottle,
I will wash away design;
Bring a Spinster, though she have a hot Tail,
No Kingdom is inflam'd by Love or Wine.

The busie Party are the idle Fellows,
Fools that are suspicious and too jealous,
Let Hell loose,
The Devil's in 'em sure.
While he that drinks *de die & in diem*,
And all night hugs a Whore;

D

What

What Treason or Rebellion can come nigh
him,

Since he's employ'd each minute of an hour?

To the Tune of Per fas per nefas.

A Pox o' these Fellows contriving,
They've spoilt our pleasant design;
We were once in a way of true living,
Improving Discourse by good Wine.
But now Conversation grows tedious,
O'er Coffee they still confer Notes;
'Stead of Authors both learn'd and facetious,
They quote onely *Dugdale* and *Oats*.

A Traytor still gives a denial,
When a Glas is fill'd up to the best:
By drinking we know who is Loyal,
A Brimmer's the onely Test.

He that takes it 's untaunted of Treason,
 He from all Impeachment is freed ;
 He may lose his Feet for a season,
 But never shall lose his Head.

*An Epitaph upon the Worthy and truly
 Vigilant, Sam. Micoe Esq;*

HERE Honest *Micoe* lies, who never knew
 Whether the Parish Clock went false or
 true.

A true bred *English* Gentleman, for he
 Never demanded yet *Quel heur est il ?*
 He valued not the Rise of Sun or Moon,
 Nor e'er distinguish'd yet their Night from
 Noon.

Untill at last by chance he clos'd his Eyes,
 And Death did catch him napping by surprize.

But first he thus spoke to the King of Fears,
Have I in Taverns spent my blooming years,
Outfate the Beadle nodding in his Chair,
Outwatch'd the Bulker and the Burglarer;
Outdrank all measure fill'd above the Seal,
When some weak Brethren to their Beds did
reel ;

And there when last nights Bottles were on
board,

When Squires in Cloaks wrapt up in corners
snoar'd ;

I onely clad in my old Night Campaign,
Call'd for more Wine and drank to 'em again ?
Have I made Sir *John Robinson* to yield,
Sent haughty *Langston* staggering from the
Field ?

And unto meager Death now must I sink,
Death that eats all without a drop of Drink ?
You steal my Life (grim Tyrant) 'cause you knew
Had I fate up I'd kill'd more men than you.

Quoth

Quoth ſurly Death, *Statutum eſt, ſic dico;*
Sat vigilaſti——Bonos Noctios Micoe.

*Upon Mr. Bennet, Procurer Extra-
 ordinary.*

REader beneath this Marble Stone
 Saint *Valentine's* Adopted Son,
Bennet the Bawd now lies alone.

Here lies alone the Amorous Spark,
 Who was us'd to lead them in the dark
 Like Beaſts by Pairs into the Ark.

If Men of Honour wou'd begin,
 He'd ne'er ſtick out at any Sin,
 For he was ſtill for Sticking't in.

If Justice chiefest of the Bench
Had an occasion for a Wench,
His reverend Flames 'twas he cou'd quench.

And for his Son and Heir apparent,
He cou'd perform as good an errand
Without a Tipstaff or a Warrant.

Over the Clergy had such a lock,
That he could make a Spiritual Frock
Fly off at sight of Temporal Smock.

Like *Will 'ith' wiss* still up and down
He led the Wives of *London Town*,
To lodge with Squires of high renown.

While they (*poor Fools*) being unaware,
Did find themselves in Mansion fair,
Near *Leic'ster Fields* or *James's Square*.

Thus

Thus Wotthy *Bennet* was imploy'd ;
 At laſt he held the Door ſo wide,
 He caught a cold, ſo cough'd, and dy'd.

To a late Scotch Tune.

T*Thomas* did once make my Heart full glad,
 When I ſet him up to rule at the Helm:
 But *Thomas* has prov'd but a naughty Lad,
 For *Thomas* I fear has betray'd my Realm.

I gave him a Houſe, I gave him Grounds,
 I gave him a hundred thouſand pounds,
 I gave him the Lord knows what Gadzounds:
 But *Thomas*, &c.

The fineſt Courtier that e'er was ſeen,
 He prais'd my Port, and he prais'd my Meen,

He prais'd all the Ladies at Court but the Q....
 Yet *Thomas, &c.*

I gave him all Christian Liberty,
 I let him sometimes lig by me,
 I let him feel my Duchesses Knee,
 Yet *Thomas, &c.*

Upon a Bowl of Punch.

THE Gods and the Goddeesses lately did
 feast,

Where *Ambrosia* with exquisite Sawces was
 drest.

The Edibles did with their Qualities suit,
 But what they shou'd drink did occasion dispute.
 'Twas time that old *Nectar* shou'd grow out of
 fashion,

For that they have drank long before the Crea-
 tion.

When

When the Sky-coloured Cloth was drawn from
the Board,

For the Chrystalline Bowl Great *Jove* gave the
word.

This was a Bowl of most heavenly size,
In which Infant Gods they did use to baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, We're inform'd they drink Punch
upon Earth,

By which mortal Wights do outdo us in mirth.
Therefore our Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than
they.

'Twas spoke like a God, —— Fill the Bowl to
the top,

He's cashier'd from the Skies that leaveth one
drop.

Apollo dispatch'd away one of the Lasses,
Who fetch'd him a Pitcher from Well of *Par-*

nassus.

To

To Poets new born this Liquor is brought,
 And this they suck in for their first Mornings
 draught.

Juno for Limons sent into her Closet,
 Which when she was sick she infus'd into
 Posset ;

For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gipsies,
 The Sun and the Moon we find have Eclipses.
 These Limons were call'd the *Hesperian* Fruit,
 When vigilant Dragon was set to look to't.
 Six dozen of these were squeez'd into Water,
 The rest of the Ingredients in order come after.

Venus, th' Admirer of things that are sweet,
 And without her Infusion there had been no
 Treat,
 Commanded two Sugar-loaves white as her
 Doves,
 Supported to th' Table by a Brace of young
 Loves.

So wonderful curious these Deities were,
That this Sugar they strain'd through a Sieve
of thin Air.

Bacchus gave notice by dangling a Bunch,
That without his Assistance there could be no
Punch.

What was meant by his signs was very well
known,
So they threw in three Gallons of trusty Lan-
goon.

Mars a blunt God, who car'd not for dis-course,
Was seated at Table still twirling his Whiskers:
Quoth he, Fellow Gods and Celestial Gall-ants,
I'd not give a Fart for your Punch without
Nants ;

Therefore Boy *Ganimede* I do command ye,
To fill up the Bowl with a Rundlet of Brandy.

Saturn of all the Gods was the oldest,
And you may imagine his Stomach was coldest,
Did out of his Pouchet three Nutmegs produce,
Which when they were grated were put to the
Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did crown
With a hard Sea-Bisquet well bak'd by the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began;
Quoth *Jove*, Let it be to our Creature call'd
Man;

'Tis to him alone these Pleasures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

Upon

*Upon the Pyramid.**To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

I.

MY Masters and Friends, and good People
draw near,

For here's a new Sight which you must not
escape,

A stately young Fabrick that cost very dear,
Renown'd for streight body and *Barbary*
shape;

A Pyramid much high'r
Than a Steeple or Spire,

By which you may guess there has been a Fire.

Ah *London* th'adst better have built new
Burdellos,

T'encourage She-Traders and lusty young
Fellows.

II.

II.

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,
 But they set up this Monument wonderfull
 tall ;

Though when Christians were burnt, as *Fox*
 plainly shews us,

There was nothing set up but his Book in
 the Hall.

And yet these men can't

In their Conscience but grant,

That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.

Ab London, &c.

III.

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,

To be saved from Water did onely desire:

So the City presumes that this young one is
 able,

When occasion shall serve to secure them from
 Fire.

Blowing

Blowing up when all's done
Preserves best the Town,
But this Hieroglyphick will soon be blown
down.

Ah London, &c.

IV.

Some say it resembles a Glass fit for Mum,
And think themselves witty by giving Nick-
names :
An Extinguisher too 'tis fancied by some,
As set up on purpose to put out the Flames.
But whatever they shall
This Workmanship call,
Had it never been thought on 'thad been a
Save-all.

Ah London, &c.

Some Passengers seem to suspect the grave
City,

As men not so wise as they shou'd be, or so;
And oftentimes say, 'Tis a great deal of pity
So much Coin should be spent and so little
to show.

But these men ne'er stop
To pay for going up,
For all that's worth seeing is when y'are atop,
Ab London, &c.

But O you proud Nation of Citizens all,
Supposing y'had rear'd but onely one stone,
And on it engrav'd a stupendious Tale,
Of a Conflagration the like was ne'er known:
It had been as good
T'have humour'd the Croud,
And then y'had prevented their laughing aloud.
Ab London, &c.

*Upon a Superannuated Couple lately
married.*

I.

A N Aged Couple have combin'd,
And stock of years together joyn'd,
To vie with Time 'tis now design'd.

II.

Old Emblem with thy Sythe and Sand,
Thy canker'd power they do withstand,
Nor Fate it self shall here command.

III.

In vain will all their Projects be ;
Great Time, they must acknowledge thee,
When they endeavour *Rem in Re.*

E

IV.

I V.

They represent (each tedeous night,
When they their feeble force unite)
Methusalem th'Hermaphrodite.

V.

Of the grave Posset made with Sack
A holy Sacrament they make,
Which they with like devotion take.

V I.

The dancing Guests like Lightning flew,
This venerable Brace mov'd too
As Cripples in the Jovial Crew.

V I I.

While Musick play'd this solemn Pair
Kept time to every sprightly Air,
With deep-mouth'd Cough and hoarse Catarth.

V I I I.

VIII.

And now their wishes are complete,
With chaste desires in Bed they meet;
The Wedding seems a Winding sheet.

IX.

There let us leave them, there they're safe,
The next remove is to their Grave;
Epithalamium proves their Epitaph.

On the Protestants Flail.

I N former days th' Invention was of Wracks,
To dislocate mens Joynts and break their
Backs:

But this Protestant Flail of a severer sort is,
For *Lignum vite* here proves *Lignum mortis*.

The Narrative.

I.

Come prick up your Ears, if they are not
gone,

For this Deponent hath lost his own ;
His Neck goes next 'tis forty to one,
Which no body can deny.

II.

Now this Deponent doth depose,
That he was once one of the Kings Foes,
But now he thanks God he's none of those :
Sure our Deponent will lie.

III.

He swears that once there was *Harry* the
Eighth,

Who

Who was divorc'd from's first Wife *Kate*,
And that he cut off anothers Pate,
Which no body can deny.

IV.

Even so (quoth he) I can witness bring,
That the Q—— did consent to the death of
the K——
But we are inform'd there was no such thing;
For our Deponent will lie.

V.

He swears that before the Tower of *Babel*
Kain knock'd out the Brains of his Brother
Abel;
Here he swears to a Truth and not to a Fable;
Which no body can deny.

VI.

Even so (quoth he) some bloody work

Was carried on by his Brother of Y——

But His Highness is neither a *Jew* nor a *Turk*,

For our Deponent will lie.

VII.

He swears that once in *Noah's* time,

There was a great Floud that brought a great
Stream,

And all were drown'd that cou'd not swim;

Which no body can deny.

VIII.

And now (God bless us) we're all in a fright,

For we had like t'have been ruin'd quite,

Our Throats should all have been cut in the
night;

But our Deponent will lie.

IX.

Further he swears that *S. Peter* from Heav'n,

Had

Had such an absolute power given,
That whom he pleas'd were condemn'd or for-
given,
Which no body can deny.

X.

Even so (saith he) Commissions went out
From the Pope to raise both Horse and Foot,
That whom he pleas'd he might slash and cut ;
But our Deponent will lie.

XI.

Some where or other *S. Paul* does aver,
That an Oath puts an end to all bustle and stir,
By which he confirms it is lawful to swear ;
Which no body can deny.

XII.

There was foolish swearing in former days,

But our Deponent has alter'd the case,
 For 'has made more mischief than ever there
 was,
 For our Deponent will lie.

*The fourteenth Ode of the second Book
 of Horace.*

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
 Labuntur anni——*

SEE, *Posthumus*, how years do fly;
 Nor can the smoothest Piety
 Fill up one wrinkle in the Face,
 Or stop Old Ages certain pace,
 Or quell Mortality.

When dying if thou shouldst design
 To offer up at *Pluto's* Shrine,

As

P O E M S.

57

As many Bullocks fat and fair,
As th'are days in every year,
One hour would not be thine.

See the thrice bulky *Geryon* stand,
Shackled in Ropes of *Stygian*:
On t'other side the doleful Pool
See the extended *Tityus* roul,
Where all Mankind must land.

This irksom Shore must entertain
The greatest Prince that e'er shall reign:
As great a welcom shall be there
Made to the meanest Cottager;
Distinctions are in vain,

In vain we shun the chance of War,
Where the most frequent dangers are.

In

In vain we do secure our selves
From troubled Seas, or Sands, or Shelves,
Or a cold Winter fear.

By all the Human Race at last
Muddy *Cocytus* must be past;
Where th'impious Daughters fill a Sieve,
Where Sisyphus in vain does strive
To stick the Rowler fast.

We bid Farwell to Land and House,
To th' joys of an untainted Spouse;
And to the silent Groves and Trees,
Whose Height and Shade at once do please:
But there sad Cypress grows.

Then shall rich Wines brought from *Campaign*,
Which you with Locks and Bolts detain,

Be by your worthy Heir let loose,
 To give a Tincture round the House,
 Where he does entertain.

The tenth Ode of the second Book of
 Horace.

*Rectius vives, Licine, neque altum
 Semper urgendo——*

THat thou mayst steer thy course with great-
 er ease,

Plunge not far amidst the deepest Seas :
 Or fill'd with horror when the Ocean roars,
 Press not hard upon unequal Shores.

Who ever does admire the Golden Mean,
 Is not pent up in Cottages unclean ;
 Inhabits not obscure and sordid Cells,
 Nor courts the lofty Hall where Envy dwells.

The

The Pine Tree's vex'd by winds because
'tis tall ;

The higher the Tower, the greater is its fall.
By Heavens Artillery are Mountains shook,
And mightiest Hills are soonest Thunder
strook.

In adverse Times a well prepared Mind
With reason hopes a better change to find;
In prosp'rous days wishes no further good,
But modestly does fear Vicissitude.

Heaven doth disfigure Earth with Winters
Rain,

And the same Heaven guilds the Earth again.
If at one instant things succeed not well,
There follows not an everlasting Ill.

From Bow and Dart *Apollo* doth retire,
And sometimes takes in hand his charming Lyre,
And by soft Notes excites the Female Quire.

When in some dangerous Straits your Barque
shall ride,

Let

Let never failing Courage be your Guide :
 But if your Fortune blow auspicious Gales,
 Let Wisdom then contract your strutting Sails.

Horace's *well wishes* to a *scurvy Poet*
gone to Sea, Epode 10 in
 Mævium.

*Mala soluta navis exit alite,
 Ferens olentem Mævium, &c.*

With an unhappy Freight that Ship is
 stor'd,

That took the fulsom *Mævius* aboard.

Auster remember what you have to do,

'Tis in your power to split the Ship in two.

Eurus the Black, this your Command shall be,

To spoil the Tackle, and disturb the Sea.

Aquilo

Aquilo rise, and be your Fury shown,
As much as when you Trees have overthrown.
And in dark night no friendly Star appear,
As when *Orion* leaves the Hemisphere.
Nor more of Calm at Sea let him enjoy,
Than conquering *Grecians* when they sail'd
from *Troy*;

When *Pallas* to avenge the sin of Fire,
By water made *Ajax's* Crew expire.
What sport 'twould be to observe the Sailers sweat
And see thy Earthen Face look paler yet!
To hear thy Howlings and unmanly Cries,
In vain beseeching angry Deities!
Or let the Southern Winds drive thee away
Into the bellowing Gulph of *Adria*.
But if thy Carcase should be cast on shore,
That Cormorants the Carrion may devour:
To th' Tempests then a Holyday we'll keep,
By offering up a Ram or some black Sheep.

A Call to the Guard by a Drum.

R At too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat
rat too,
With your Noses all scabb'd and your Eyes
black and blew,
All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot Souldiers
are,
Though with very small Coyn, yet with very
much Care,
From your Quarters and Garrets make haste to
repair,
To the Guard, to the Guard.

From your sorry Straw Beds and bonny white
Fleas,
From your Dreams of Small Drink and your
very small ease,
From your plenty of stink, and no plenty of
room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm sticking
on 'em like Gum,
And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs to stanch a
cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.

From

From your crack'd Earthen Pispots where no
 Pifs can stay,
 From Roofs bewrit with Snuffs in Letters the
 wrong way ;
 From one old broken Stool with one unbroken
 Leg,
 One Box with ne'er a Lid to keep ne'er a Rag,
 And Windows that of Storms more than your
 selves can brag,
 To the Guard, &c.

With trusty Pike and Gun, and the other rusty
 Tool ;
 With Heads extremely hot, and with Hearts
 wondrous cool ;
 With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and
 Sutlers) hurt ;
 With two old totter'd Shooes that disgrace the
 Town Dirt ;
 With forty shreds of Breeches, and no one shred
 of Shirt,
 To the Guard, &c.

See they come, see they come, see they come, see
 they come,
 With Allarms in their Pates to the call of a Drum ;
 Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modest
 call Bitches)
 With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk
 to Switches ;

With

With the Plague in the Purse, and the Pox in the
Breeches,

To the Guard, &c.

Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on
Benches,

Some from damn'd fulsom Ale, and more damn'd
fulsom Wenches ;

Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this
way stalk ;

Each mans Reeling's his gate, and his Hickup his
talk,

With two new Cheeks of Red from ten old
Rows of Chalk,

To the Guard, &c.

Here come others from scuffling, and damning
mine Host,

With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces
that boast

Of some Scars by the Jordan, or Warlike Quart
Pot,

For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the mouth, but discharg'd
ne'er a Groat,

To the Guard, &c.

They for Valour in black too, the Chaplain does
come !

From his preaching o'er Pots now to pray o'er a
Drum. F All

All ye whoring and swearing old Red Coats
 draw near,
 Like to Saints in Red Letters listen and give ear,
 And be godly awhile ho, and then as you were,
 To the Guard, &c.

After some canting terms, To your Arms, and the
 like,
 Such as Poyling your Musquet, or Porting your
 Pike ;
 To the right, To the left, or else Face about ;
 After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a
 Clout,
 Hast your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard
 on foot,
 To the Guard, &c.

Captain *Hector* first marches, but not he of *Troy*,
 But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy ;
 See the Man scant of Arms in a Scarf does
 abound,
 Which presages some swaggering, but no bloud
 nor wound ;
 Like a Rainbow that shews the World shan't be
 drown'd ;
 To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker wears Rags whilest the Dog bears
 the Budget,
 So the Man stalks with Staff whilest the Footboy
 does trudge it With

With the Tool he should work with (that's Half
Pike you'll say:)

But what Captain's so strong his own Arms to
convey,

When he marches o'er loaden with ten other
mens Pay?

To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least
With Stinks sixteen deep, and about five abreast;
Made of Ale and Mundungus; Snuff, Rags, and
brown Crust for,

While he wants twenty Taylors to make up the
cluster,

Which declares that his Journey's not now to the
Muster,

But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Musquet and Belly uncharg'd march
away,

With Pipes black as their Mouths, and short as
their Pay;

Whilest their Coats made of holes shew like
Bone-lace about 'em,

And their Bandeliers hang like to Bobbins with-
out 'em,

And whilest Horsemen do cloath 'em, these Foot-
scrubs do clout 'em,

For the Guard, &c.

Some with Hat ty'd on one side, and Wit ty'd on
neither ;
Wear gray Coats and gray Cattle, see their Wen-
ches run hither,
For to peep through Red Lettice and dark Cel-
lar doors,
To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty just like their
Whores,
As slender as their Meals and as long as their
Scores,

To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle, wheedle, wheede ; whilest
we beat Dub a Dub ;
Keep the base *Scotish* noise, and as base *Scotish*
scrub :
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread,
Comes a thing with red Colours, and Nose full
as red ;
Like an Ensign to the King, and to the Kings
Head,

Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders come last, the Lieutenant per-
haps,
Full of Low Country Stories and Low Country
Claps.
To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
Powder Monkey by name that vents stink by
whole sale,

For

For where should the Fart be but just with the
Tail

Of the Guard & Cc.

And now hey for the King Boys, and hey for the
Court,
Which is guarded by these as the Tower is by
Dirt;
These *Whitehall* must admit and such other un-
house ye,
Each day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the
drowfie,
And no place in the world shifts so oft to be lowfie.

Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to *Scotland-Yard* sneak, and the Sutlers wife
kisses;
But despairing of Drink till some Countryman
pisses,
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be
given)
To the Can-office then, all a *Foot-Soldier's* Heav'n,
Where he finds a foul *Fox*, soon, and cures Sir----

On the Guard, &c.

Some at Sh---house publick (where a Rag always
goes)

At

At once empty their Guts and diminish their
Clothes.

Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore
and Bacon being all

Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Cour-
tiers may call,

For what they eat in the Suburbs, they sh—
at *Whitehall*,

For the Guard, &c.

Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making
entry,

Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call
a Centry,

Which in bad Houses of Boards stand to tell
what a clock 'tis,

Where they keep up tame Redcoats as men keep
up tame Foxes,

Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs Turds in
Boxes.

Ob the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted (though it has been
their lucks

Of to steal Country Geese) now to watch the
Kings Ducks ;

While some others are set in the side that has
Wood in,

To stand Pimps to black Masques that are oft
thither footing,

Just

Just as Housewives set Cuckolds to stir their
Black Pudding.

Ob the Guard, &c.

Whilest another true *Trojan* to some passage runs,
As to keep in the Debtors, so to keep out the
Duns;

Or a Prentice, or his Mistress, with Oaths to
confound,

Till he hies him from the Park as from forbid-
den ground,

'Cause his Credit is whole, and his Wench may
be found,

And quits the Guard, &c.

Now it's night, and the Patrole in Alehouse
drown'd,

For nought else but the Pot and their Brains
walk the round;

Whilest like Hell the Commanders Guard-cham-
ber does shew,

There's such damning themselves and all else of
the Crew,

For though these cheat the Men, they give the
Devil his due,

On the Guard, &c.

Whilest a Main ~~after~~ Main at old Hazard they
throw,

And their Quarrels grow high as their Money
grows low;

Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for
Frowns)

To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the
Bones,

But the Blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all
their Wounds.

Like the Guard, &c.

In the Morning they fight, just as much as they
pray ;

For some one to the King does the Tidings con-
vey

For preventing of *Murder* ; Oh 'tis a wise
way !

Though not one of 'em knows (as a thousand
dare say)

That belongs to a dead man, unless in his
pay

For the Guard, &c.

With their Skins they march home no more hurt
than their Drums,

But for scratching of Faces, or biting of
Thumbs ;

And now hey for fat *Alexives*, and *Tradesmen*
grown lean ;

For the Captain grown *Bankrupt*, recruits him
again,

With

With sending out Tickets, and turning out
Men.

From the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogue's calhier'd with a Cane,
and a Curse,

Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry
Purse :

And what then? Man's a *Worm*; these we Glow-
worms may name :

For as they'r dark of Body, have Tails all of
flame.

So tho' those liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with
a *Psalm*.

Farewell Guard, &c.

Dr.

*Dr. Wild's Humble Thanks for His
Majesty's gracious Declaration for
Liberty of Conscience, Mar. 15. 72.*

N O not one word can I of this great deed
In *Merlin* or old Mother *Shipton* read!
Old *Tyburn* take those *Tychobrace* Imps,
As *Silger*, who would be accounted Pimps
To the Amorous Planets; they the Minute know
When *Jove* did Cuckhold old *Amphytrio*,
Ken *Mars*, and made *Venus* wink, and glances
Their close Conjunctions and Midnight Dances;
When costive *Saturn* goes to stool, and vile
Thief *Mercury* doth pick his Fob the while;
When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her Man
Throw't out of Window into th'Ocean.
More subtil than th'Excisemen here below,
What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know.

Cunning

Cunning Intelligencers, they will not miss
To tell us next year the success of this ;
They correspond with *Dutch* and *English* Star,
As one once did with *C H A R L E S* and *Oliver*.
The *Bankers* also might have (had they gone)
What Planet govern'd the ~~V~~Exchequer known.
Old *Lilly*, though he did not love to make
Any words on't, saw the *English* take
Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the Sign
Had been *Aquarius*, then they'd made them Nine.
When *Sagittarius* took his aim to shoot
At Bishop *Cosin*, he spied him no doubt ;
And with such force the winged Arrow flew,
Instead of one ChurchStag he killed two ;
Glocester and *Durham* when he espy'd,
Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd :
Well *Wille Lilly*, thou knew'st all this as well
As I, and yet wouldst not their Lordships tell.
I know thy Plea too, and must it allow,
Prelats should know as much of Heaven as thou.

But

But now, Friend *William*, since it's done and past,
Pray thee give us *Phanaticks* but one cast,
What thou foresawst of *March* the Fifteenth last;
When swift and sudden as the Angels fly,
Th' Declaration for Conscience Liberty;
When things of Heaven burst from the Royal
More fragrant than the Spices of the East. (Bress'
I know in next years Almanack thou'lt write,
Thou sawst the King and Council over night,
Before that morn, all sit in Heaven as plain
To be discern'd, as if 'twere *Charles's Wain*.
Great *B*, great *L*, and two great *AA's* were chief,
Under great *Charles* to give poor *Fan's* relief.
Thou sawst Lord *Arlington* ordain the Man
To be the first Lay-Metropolitan.
Thou sawst him give Induction to a *Spittle*,
And constitute our Brother *Tom Dolittle*.
In the *Bears* Paw, and the *Bulls* right Eye,
Some detriment to Priests thou didst espy;

And

And though by *Sol in Libra* thou didst know
Which way the Scale of Policy would go;
Yet *Mercury in Aries* did decree,
That *Wooll* and *Lamb* should still Conformists be.
But hark you *Will*, Steer-poaching is not fair;
Had you amongst the Steers found this *March-hare*,
Bred of that lusty Puss the Good Old Cause,
Religion rescued from Informing Laws;
You should have yelp'd aloud, Hanging's the end,
By Huntsmens rule, of Hounds that will not spend.
Be gone thou and thy canting Tribe, be gone;
Go tell thy destiny to followers none:
Kings Hearts and Councils are too deep for thee,
And for thy Stars and *Dæmons* scrutiny.
King *Charles* Return was much above thy skill
To fumble out, as 'twas against thy will.
From him who can the Hearts of Kings inspire,
Not from the Planets, came that sacred Fire
Of Sovereign Love, which broke into a flame;
From God and from his King alone it came.

To

To the King.

So great, so universal, and so free !

This was too much, great *Charles*, except for thee,

For any King to give a Subject hope :

To do thus like thee would undo the Pope.

Yea tho his Vassals should their wealth combine,

To buy Indulgence half so large as thine ;

No, if they should not onely kiss his Toe,

But *Clements podex*, he'd not let them go :

Whilest thou to's shame, thy immortal glory,

Hast freed *All Souls* from real Purgatory ;

And given *All Saints* in Heaven new joys, to see

Their Friends in *England* keep a Jubilee.

Suspect them not, Great Sir, nor think the worst ;

For sudden Joys like Grief confound at first.

The splendor of your Favour was so bright,

That yet it dazles and o'erwhelms our sight :

Drunk with her cups my Muse did nothing mind,

And untill now her Feet she could not find.

Gree-

Greediness makes prophaneſs i'th' first place;
Hungry men fill their bellies, then ſay Grace.
We wou'd have Bonfires, but that we do fear
The name of *Incend'ary* we may hear :
We wou'd have Muſick too, but 'twill not do,
For all the Fiddlers are *Conformiſts* too :
Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman ſwears
By the Kings leave the Bells and Ropes are theirs;
And let 'em take 'em, for our Tongues ſhall ſing
Your Honour louder than their Clappers ring.
Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine, (wine.
We'll drefs the Vineyard, they ſhall drink the
Their Church ſhall be the Mother, ours the Nurſe;
Peter ſhall preach, *Judas* ſhall bear the purſe.
No *Biſhops*, *Parſons*, *Vicars*, *Curates*, we
But onely *Ministers* deſire to be.
We'll preach in Sackcloth, they ſhall read in Silk;
We'll feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk.
Let but the *Blackbirds* ſing in Buſhes cold,
And may the *Jackdaws* ſtill the Steeples hold.

We'll

We'll be the *Feet*, the *Back*, and *Hands*, and they
 Shall be the *Belly*, and devour the prey.
 The Tythe-pig shall be theirs, we'll turn the Spit;
 We'll bear the *Cross*, they onely *sign* with it.
 But if the Patriarchs shall envy show
 To see their younger Brother *Joseph* go
 In Coat of divers colours, and shall fall
 To rend it 'cause it's not Canonical;
 Then may they find him turn a Dreamer too,
 And live themselves to see his Dream come true.
 May rather they and we together joyn
 In all what each can; but they have the Coyn;
 With *prayers and tears* such Service much avail;
 With *tears* to swell your *Seas*, with *prayers* your
 Sails;
 And with Men too from both our Parties; such
 I'm sure we have can cheat or beat the *Dutch*.
 A thousand *Quakers*, Sir, our side can spare;
 Nay two or three, for they great Breeders are.
 The Church can match us too with Jovial Sirs,
Informers, *Singingmen*, and *Paraters*.
 Let the King try, set these upon the Decks
 Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* vex.
 Their Breath will mischief further than a Gun,
 And if you lose them you'll not be undone.
 Pardon, Dread Sir, nay pardon this course Paper,
 Your License 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

ITER BOREALE.

These

*These for his Old Friend Doctor
Wild, Author of the Humble
Thanks, &c.*

S I R,

HAD I believ'd report, that said
These Rhymes by Doctor *Wild* were made,
I long before this time had sent
Some symptoms of our discontent.
For since y' have left off being witty,
Your *humble thanks* deserves our pitty.

I can't imagine what you'l do,
Your Muse turn'd *Non-conformist* too?
And will not easily dispence
With the old way of writing sence!
She hath receiv'd, if that be true,
As much *Indulgence* then as you.

G

Surely

Surely (*Dear Sir*) you did not pray
 Since you convers'd with *Tycho Brah.*
Jove play'd the wag, and *Luna* pift,
 Do thefe things with *Free-Grace* confift?

Celestial Signs ferve to exprefs
 The good man's heav'nly mindednefs;
 There are but Twelve of them in Heaven,
 Yet he'll name one by one eleven;
 And if you're not in too much haft,
 'Tis ten to one, he names the laft.

You had been horribly put to't,
 If *Sagittarius* could not shoot:
Aquarius and the *Smyrna* Fleet,
 I'll fwear, a very good conceit.

But, Doctor, let us know, why will ye
 Thus vex your felf at *William Lilly*?
 'Tis true, he could not find it out,
 That *March* would bring all this about;

But

But on that day you well might gather
That there would be some change of weather :
And change of weather in a Nation
Portends a kind of alteration.

This favour, you do say, did come
Fragrant and full of all perfume,
Like Eastern Spices (it should seem)
This had done rarely in a Theme.
To the next Column ----- let us see
How you discourse His MAJESTY.
Where every solemn Epithite
Does look like Grace before you eat,
Which being said, as rudely you
Do take the Boldness to fall to,
With Rhymes most reverently sent
About *Pope Clement's* Fundament,
And *Puns* that would provoke the hate
Of any under Graduate.

Peter Non-con (it seems) must pray,
 And *Judas* Church must take the Pay.
 Some angry men would call him rude Afs,
 That calls the Church of *England Judas*,
 You'l be no *Bishop*, nor no *Curate*,
 'Tis only Minister that you 're at.
 Minister ! It sounds, methinks,
 Like Pastor *Clark* of *Bennet Fynks*.

These Favours which the King doth heap
 Upon your Head, hath made you *leap*.
 And since y' have found your feet again,
 The *Gout's* got up into your *Brain* :
 If *cap'ring* be so fine a thing, .
 Pr'ythee come over for the King.

Your humble Servant,

O B E D I A H

*Ill Painters when they make a Sign
 Either of Talbot or of Swine,
 To satisfie all Persons rogant,
 That they might make a Hog or Dog on't;
 Do never think it any shame
 To underwrite the Creature's Name.
 WILD made some Verses you must know,
 ITER BOREALE is below.*

T H E
R A M B L E.

WHile Duns were knocking at my Door,
 I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,
 With Back so weak and P---- so sore,
 You'd wonder,

I rouz'd my Doe, and lac'd her Gown,
I pin'd her Whisk, and drop't a Crown,
She pist, and then I drove her down,
Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to dinner,
I drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,
And still I thought the Devil in her
Clitoris,

I sate at *Muskats* in the dark,
I heard a Trades-man and a Spark,
An Attorney and a Lawyer's Clark,
Tell Stories.

From thence I went, with muffled Face,
To the Duke's House, and took a place,
In which I spu'd, may't please his Grace,
Or Highness ;
Shou'd

Shou'd I been hang'd I could not chuse
But laugh at Whores that drop from Stews,
Seeing that Mistris *Marg'ret* -----

So fine is.

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,
I heard some paltry pieces ~~think~~
Within my Pockets, how d'ee think
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to Mistris *Spering*,
Where some were cursing, others swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
per fidem,

Seven's the main, 'tis Eight, God dam 'me,
'Twas six, said I, as God shall sa' me,
Now being true you cou'd not blame me
so saying,

Sa' me ! quoth one, what Shameroon
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down

A playing ?

This was as bad to me as killing,
Mistake not Sir, said I, I'm willing,
And able both, to drop a shilling,

Or two Sir :

Goda'mercy then, said Bully *Hec* ----
With Whiskers stern, and Cordubeck
Pinn'd up behind, his scabby Neck

To shew Sir.

With mangled fist he grasp'd the Box,
Giving the Table bloody knocks,
He throws ---- and calls for Plague and Pox

T' assist him ;

Some

Some twenty shillings he did catch,
Had like t'have made a quick dispatch,
Nor could, Time's Register, my Watch
Have mist him.

As Luck would have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, y' ad better go and swill
Canary,

We steer'd our course to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleetstreet* to be seen,
Where we drank Wine---not foul---but clean
contrary.

Our Host, y'cleped *Thomas Hammond*,
Presented slice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us swallow Sack as Salmon
Drink water,
Which

Being o'er-warm'd with last debauch,
I grew as drunk as any Roch,
When hot-bak'd-Wardens did approach,
Or later,

We broke the Glasses out of hand,
As many Oaths I'd at command
As *Hastings, Sabin, Sunderland,*
Or *Ogle,*

Then I cry'd up *Sir Henry Vane,*
And swore by God I would maintain
Episcopacy was too plain

A juggle.

But oh! the damn'd confounded Fate
Attends on drinking Wine so late,
I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*

O'th' Kitchen,

Which

POEMS.

91

Which H-----'s Wife would not endure,
I told her tho' she look'd demure,
She came but lately I was sure

From Bitching.

A Club there was in t'other Room,
I bolted in, being known to some,
Such men are not in Christendom

For jesting,

They use a plain familiar stile,
Appearing friendly all the while,
Yet never part without a Broil

Intestin,

The first as Steward did appear,
A strange conceited Barrister,
Who on all Matters will infer

His Reading,

A

A Band 'had on, that's very plain,
 A Velvet Coat, a shining Cane,
 Some Law, less Wit, and not a grain
 Of Breeding.

The Company were in a fit
 Of talking News about *Maeftricht*,
 How that the Prince's leaving it
 Was sudden,

Quoth he, (because they should say
 That he knew less of this than they)
 Just such a case I read this day
 In *Plowden*.

An angry Captain that was there,
 Could Indignation not forbear,
 'Zounds, says he, did Man e're hear
 Such Non-sence ?

We

We talk of Sieges, Camps, and Forts,
 This Fool's a keeping Country Courts,
 With musty Law and dull Reports,
 Damn'd long since,

Go bolt your Cases at the Fire,
 From *Plowden*, *Perkins*, *Rastal*, *Dyer*,
 Such heavy stuff does rather tire
 Than please us :

Tell not us of Issue Male,
 Of Simple Fee, and Special Tail,
 Of Feofments, Judgments, Bills of Sale,
 And Leases.

Can you discourse of Hand-Granadoes,
 Of Sally-Ports and Ambuscadoes,
 Of Counterscarps and Pallizadoes,
 And Trenches,

Of

Of Bastions, blowing up of Mines,
 Or of Communication Lines,
 Or can you guess the great Designs

The French has ?

The Barrister began to start
 To hear such bloody terms of Art,
 And did desire with all his heart

A Farewel;

Till younger Member of the House,
 Resenting this as an Abuse,
 Thought it convenient to espouse

His Quarrel.

This was a spruce young Squire that
 Knew the true Manage of the Hat,
 And every morning ty'd Cravat

With Project :

One

One that was sure he knew the Town,
To men of Fringe and Feather known,
Mongst whom all Law he wou'd disown,
And Logick.

Captain, quoth he, I'll tell you thus :
You are mistaken much in us,
With dint of Sword we can discuss ;
'Tis true Sir,

You trail'd a Pike, or some such thing,
In *Holland*, here you huff and ding :
And all the Town (forsooth) must ring
Of you, Sir.

I can remember you at *Lambs*,
Whither you'd come with forty shams ;
And swore you wou'd renounce all Games
But Tennis:

Last

Last night (such luck ne'r man had yet)
 You play'd with Countess at Picquet,
 And that she did (by Jesus) get
 Twelve Guinnes ;

Nay worse --- just parting with my Lord,
 He fancy'd much your Silver Sword,
 And you wear his not worth a Turd ----
 --- A Bawble ;

But for the Hilt he's like to pay,
 For you will have his Iron Grey :
 A swifter Nag is not this day
 In stable.

And all the great design of this
 Is but to borrow half a Piece,
 Or be excus'd (if Ready miss)
 From Clubbing :

The Captain swell'd, yet did not know
Whether the Youth would fight or no,
Or if 'twere safe to give the Foe

A drubbing.

Company's here, and for their sake,
Quoth he, some other time I'll take,
For I did never love to make

A Bustle,

Even when you please, quoth Younker, then
I'm every Evening to be seen
'Mongst witty Coffee-drinkers in

Street Russel.

One that was Doctor, Rook, and Quack,
With whom the Captain us'd to snack,
Because he'd make the first attack

On Bubble.

H

Did

Did think it fit to do him right,
 Altho' he knew he would not fight,
 Yet Cully he would fore affright
 And trouble.

Therefore the Captain's part he took;
 Home Lad, quoth he, unto your Book,
 If Letters fail, Go Bully-rock
 The Carrier,

For here you must not vent your stuff,
 We understand you well enough:
 You must not think to rant and huff
 A Warri^rer.

I knew when *Animal* and *Ens*
 Was once the chief of your pretence,
 But now you think y'ave sprucer Sense
 And Knowledge.

When

When first this Town y' arriv'd unto,
 The only Bu'sness y' ad to do
 Was to enquire out those that knew
 Your Colledge.

Certainly Mortal never saw
 A thing so pert, so dull, so raw,
 And yet 'twould put a Case in Law,
 If they wou'd,

Then it began to visit Playes,
 And on the Women it wou'd gaze,
 And looked like Love in a Maze,
 Or a Wood.

Into Fop-corner you wou'd get,
 And use a strange obstreperous Wit,
 Not any quiet to the Pit

Allowing :

H 2

And

And when my Lord came in, you'd spy,
If toward you he cast an Eye,
Y' had lucky opportunity

Of bowing,

At last you got a swinging Clap,
Which ran upon you like a Tap,
And lay for Cure of this mishap

At Tooting,

Then you writ Letters of Advice
To Parent, for some fresh supplies,
Pretending to the exercise

Of Mooting :

At length you understood a Dye,
Carry'ing in Fob variety
Of Goads, of Bars, of Flats, of High

And Low-Dyce.

But

But when you hear the fatal doom,
That Father shall remand you home,
It hardly will appear you come

From Studies.

The Youth was just a throwing Glafs
Of Wine into the Doctor's Face,
When Barrister took Heart of Grace,

And courage:

Doctor, sayes he, you are a Cheat,
A greater Knave walks not the Street,
A verrier Quack one shall not meet

In our Age.

Doctors of Phyfick we indeed
Do most abominably need :
If you are one, that scarce can read

A Ballat,

H 3

You

You serv'd a Doctor, --- true, from whom
You stole Receipts, being his Groom,
Or waiting on him in his Room,

As Valet,

On Serving-men you us'd to cut,
Giving 'em the high Game at Put,
And made the Fellows still run out

Their wages,

With Chamberlain you quit old scores,
Ruin the Tapster at all Fours,
And still observe the Carriers hours,

And Stages.

T' Apothecary next you go,
To whom your stolen Receipts you show,
That y'ave no Learning he does know,

And small Parts:

Yet

Yet for Advantage does proclaim
 You as the eldest Son of Fame,
 And swears your Cures have got a Name
 In all Parts.

Then take your Lodgings at his House,
 With care and secrecy to chouse
 Those Fools incurable, that thus
 Are minded,

If y'are desir'd to write a Bill,
 Your Eyes have a defluxion still,
 That if you do but touch a Quill,
 You're blinded.

'Mongst gilded Books on shelves you squeeze
 Old *Gallen* and *Hippocrates*,
 For such learn'd men (say you) as these
 I'll stickle.

Tho' what they were you cannot tell,
 Giants they might have been as well,
 Or two Arch-Angels, *Gabriel*,

And *Michel*.

In short, you are an empty Sawse ---
 Before this word quite out he draws,
 The Doctor struck him cross the Jaws,
 God bless us !

The Student then propos'd a flap,
 Which on Quack's best of Eyes did hap,
 With might and main-- on Youth fell Cap---
 ---gain *Bessus*.

It's Room was Justice *Middlesex*,
 Who understanding Statute *Lex*,
 Being unwilling to perplex

A Riot,

Softly

Softly as he could speak, did cry,
(Which no Body observ'd but I)
My Friends, in Name of Majesty,

Be quiet.

The Youngster first desir'd a Truce,
Because Cravat from Neck hung loose,
Captain, quoth he, your Weapon choose,
I'll fight 'ee:

Nay then, thought I, if so it be,
You're very likely to agree,
There's no Diversion more for me,
Good night t'ee.

And having now discharg'd the House,
We did reserve a gentle Soufe,
With which we drank another rouse.

At the Bar :

And

And good Christians all attend,
To Drunkenness pray put an end,
I do advise you as a Friend,

And Neighbour.

For lo ! that Mortal here behold,
Who cautious was in dayes of old,
Is now become rash, sturdy, bold,

And free Sir ;

For having scap'd the Tavern so,
There never was a greater Foe,
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, No

Nor *Cæsar*.

A Constable both stern and dread,
Who is from Mustard, Brooms and Thread,
Preferr'd to be the Brainless Head ---

O' th' People,

A Gown 'had on by Age made gray,
A Hat too, which as Folk do say,
Is firnam'd to this very day

A Steeple ;

His Staff, which knew as well as he,
The Bus'ness of Authority,
Stood bolt upright at sight of me ;

Very true 'tis,

Those louzy Currs that hither come
To keep the King's Peace safe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Vermin from

Their *Cutis*.

Stand ! stand ! sayes one, and come before ----

You lye, said I, like a Son of a Whore,

I can't, nor will not stand, ---that's more---

D'ye mutter ?

You

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell what,
Yond' Officer i'th May-pole Hat,
I'll make as drunk as any Rat,

Or Otter,

The Constable began to swell,
Altho' he lik'd the motion well :
Quoth he, my Friend, this I must tell

Ye clearly,

The Pestilence you can't forget,
Nor the Dispute with *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful Fire, that made us get

Up early.

From which, quoth he, this I infer,
To have a Body's Conscience clear,
Excelleth any costly cheer,

Or Banquets ;

Besides,

Besides, (and 'faith I think he wept)
 Were it not better you had kept
 Within your Chamber, and have slept
 In Blanquets :

But I'll advise you by and by,
 A Pox of all advise, said I,
 Your Janizaries look as dry

As *Vulcan* :

Come, here's a shilling, fetch it in,
 We come ~~not~~ now to talk of Sin,
 Our Business must be to begin

A full Can.

At last, I made the Watch-men drunk,
 Examin'd here and there a Punk,
 And then away to Bed I slunk

To hide it,

God

III.

Men of the Sword they say make a Division, (S)
 And militant Lawyers their Wifdoms difown,
 So that from the King to have had a Commiffion,
 Does not confift with a tatter'd old Gown:

These men make pretence,

Both to Law and to Senfe, (Prince,

Yet fay the Law's broke, if you fight for your

You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,

Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

IV.

From th' Ancients (they urge) this Order comes (out,
 And therefore expect a ready Obedience,

But how can that be, since their Masterfhips doat,

And they themselves have forgotten Allegiance:

Therefore let's pray,

Both by Night and by Day,

That they may Conform, and then we'll Obey.

You

*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

V.

But would it not move a Heart made of Flint,
To think that a House must continue no longer,
Since the grave Gubernators refus'd to consent,
Except 'twere propos'd by a Bar-Iron-monger; (C)

Or else by a Brewer, (O)

Who serves them with Beer,

So small, that they'r fill'd with Suspicion and Fear.

*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever;
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

VI.

Now some of the younger disconsolate fry, (G)
As if they'd been still at --- *Quas* Magister,
Under such strange Apprehensions did lye,
They desir'd to consult the Chappel-Minister,

I

One

God save the Queen, --- but as for you,
 Who will these Dangers not eschew,
 I'd have you all go home and spue
 As I did.

The Lawyers Demurrer argued.

*By the Loyal ADDRESSERS (the Gentlemen)
 of Grays-Inne, against an ORDER made by
 the Bench of the said Society.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound, Or,
The Round-head Reviv'd.

I.

DEAR Friends, and good People, with Gowns,
 and with none ;
 I'll tell you a Tale of a parcel of *Whiggs*,
 The Spawn of some *Rebells* in year Forty One,
 Who, like their damn'd Sires, pursue their Intrigues:

It

It occasions amazing,

That some Members of *Grays Inn*, (Raising:
Turn Tail to their King, from whom they'd their
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

II.

By a musty old Custom, call'd Order of Pension.
Giving Thanks to the King was judg'd an Affray,
And straight they Decreed, 'twas just to Dis-
bench One, (S)

For shewing himself more Loyal than they :

So thus the *Dom. Com.*

Speak loudly for some, (Mum.

But propose the King's Int'rest the word shall be

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 And militant Lawyers their Wisdoms disown,
 So that from the King to have had a Commission,
 Does not consist with a tatter'd old Gown:

These men make pretence,
 Both to Law and to Sense, (Prince,
 Yet say the Law's broke, if you fight for your
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 And therefore expect a ready Obedience,
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 That they may Conform, and then we'll Obey.

Yon

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Now some of the younger disconsolate fry, (G)

As if they'd been still at --- *Quæso Magister,*

Under such strange Apprehensions did lye,

They desir'd to consult the Chappel-Minister,

One of the young men,
 Wou'd not handle a Pen,
 For my Lord and my Father won't take me agen.
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VII.

The number of those who refus'd to subscribe;
 Are fitly compar'd to the days of poor *Job*,
 Few and Evil --- and of a Satanical Tribe,
 Who scandalize all the rest of the Robe;
 Those of the Bar-mess,
 Who cry'd --- No Address,
 Found their Party of Faction were two to one less:
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VIII.

VIII.

Now you have heard of these *Lawyers Demurrer*,
And how their weak Arguments are over-ru'd,
Without all Dispute will think an *Abhorrer*,
Of them, and Petitions, are loyally bold.

For such Impudence,
Both at Bar and at Bench,
Proceeds from those Men who their King would
Retrench;

You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

*The SWORD's Farewell, upon
the approach of a Michaelmas-
Term.*

H
Health to my Friends, a terror to my Foes,
Revenging Wrongs, impatient of blows,
Couragious Metal, trueſt of all Steels,
Sure to thy Maſter, always at his heels ;
Ready to jog him by the Elbow, when
He is confronted by the Sons of Men.
Soul of my Weapon, thou ſhalt take thy Reſt;
And acquieſce within thy Sable Neſt,
One Month muſt fix thee in a certain Station,
Thy Maſter's *Term* muſt prove thine own *Vacation*:
Till that's expir'd (his Honour be thy Pawn)
Though here thou'rt hang'd yet thou ſhalt not be
(drawn,
Thou ſhalt not now too late at Night appear,
Tincenſe the King's Almighty Officer,
Nor vex his Watch, leſt by his great Command,
They knock thy Maſter down, and bid him ſtand:
Nor

Nor fly at Mortal wight, though ne're so tall,
 Who passing by Surrenders not the Wall,
 Nor push at Bayliffs stout denouncing War :
 We know no Sergeants now but at the Bar.
 They're fix'd (but with such moveable devotion,) *)*
 Come when you will, you'l find them in a Motion.
 Not willing any Man should be oppress'd,
 'Tis only *Judgment* that they would Arrest.

Thou shalt not now be bare, when *Hector* cloaths,
 And backs the Lye with rags of swelling Oaths,
 Now such great words admit a Period,
 He must speak only truth, *so help him God*;
 The Stile is chang'd, (the Season so will have it)
 If he will swear, 't must be by *Affidavit*.

Thou must not now come forth in view, as once,
 To fright a Rev'rend Bawd, and build a Sconce,
 Nor make a Drawer stand all Night to Skink
 Full cups, and watch to fill thy Master Drink,
 To rubifie his Cheeks, though when he will,
 He can take out a *Fieri Facias* still.

Or Presidents (if common Writs do fail,)
 Direct to me a special Writ of *Aile*.

(Whilom at such a Sign conven'd the Wits ;
But now no Sign is known except for Writs)

Thou must forbear a while at *Inn* and *Inn*,
T'out-brave whom thou suspectest like to win:
No jogging chance must now blind mortal Eyes,
We'll find fresh Bail of *Men* and not of *Dice*.
Pray for an Action now, and not an *Ace*,
Let every *Dence* Produce a Debtor's case :
And in the stead of every *Trey* that's thrown, ,
So many *Tryals* may we call our own.
To cast a *Quatre* now we must forget,
And call to mind a *Quare Impedit*.
Each *Cinque* a *Capias*, and for every *Size*
Wish that a *Scire Facias* may arise.
Now we must think *Hazard* brings little gain,
Throw a *Mandamins* rather than a *Main* ;
On certainties 'tis safest to rely,
More's gain'd by *Bill*, than gotten by the *By*.
To *Play-Houses* thou now shalt bid adieu,
Although the Farce be gay enough and new,
Ne're before Acted, brings thee not among
Those that sell Two and Six-pence for a Song.

No

No Idle Scenes fit busie times as these,
Instead of *Playes* we now converse with *Pleas*;
And 't's thought the last do favour more of Wit,
For those have Plots to spend, but these to get.

(Give way, Great *Shakespear*, and immortal *Ben*,
To *Doc* and *Roe*, *John Den* and *Richard Fen*.)

Farewel (dear *Sword*) thou'rt prov'd, and laid aside;
Thy youngest Brother, *Penknife*, must be try'd;
That thou art best, needs but a thin dispute,
Thou woundest skin of *Man*, he skin of *Brute*,
'Tis pity such an Urchin long should Reign
To raze a Line, when thou can'st prick a Vein.
'Tis thou can'st make such horrid bloody work
Will fright the Pope, and scare the biggest *Turk*;
Thy very name will make a Cripple run
Swift as a Courtier from a City Dunn.

Now *Tom* (in Acres rich, is come to Town)
To change the Title of a Yeoman's Son,
Thou bid'st him kneel, and stroak'st his empty Skul,
And mak'st him rise *Sir Thomas* Worshipful;
Thus thou mak'st special Knights of common men,
When he hath made his best 'tis but a Pen;

Yet

Yet such a Pen, that when't has learn't it's Trade,
It may undo the Knight which thou hast made.

That thou art monstrous valiant is too certain,
For instance this, in fine (as saith Sir *Martin*)
Th'hast kill'd---But soft, some wiser are than some,
I should *Marr-all* if I discover whom.

In point of Honour this, (deny't who can)
Thou never turn'dst thy *Back* to any Man:
The short and long on't's thus, I'll safely say,

(run away :

Though thou should'st *break*, thou would'st not
Yet 'twould not wound thy credit long, for when
The *Term* is done, I'll set thee up agen.

Cedant ARma togæ, concedat laurea linguae.

Wrote

*Wrote in the Banquetting-House in
Graves-Inn-Walks.*

HERE Damsel sits disconsolate,
Curſing the Rigor of her Fate,
Till Squire Inſipid having ſpy'd her,
Takes Heart of Grace, and ſquats beſide her.

He thus accoſts, ---- Madam, By Gad
You are at once both fair and ſad.
She innocently does ſubmit
To all the Tyrants of his Wit.
The Bargain's made, ſhe firſt is led
To the three Tuns, and ſo to Bed.

But yonder comes a graver Fop,
With heavy Shoe, and Boot-hoſe-top;
To him repairs a virtuous Sir,
Whole Queſtion is, What News does ſtir?
With Face askrew, he then declares
The probability of Wars :

And

And gives an ample satisfaction
 Of *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Dutch* Tranſaction.
 Thus chattering out three houres Tale,
 They tread to th' Mag-pye, to drink Ale.

Death and the old man.

A Paraphraſe upon one of Æſop's Fables.

A Poor old man, who had by cleaving wood,
 Full threeſcore years procur'd a livelihood;
 He never ran the various riſques of Fate,
 Each day his ſhoulders bore an equal weight,
 Till now at laſt of Age he did complain,
 And thought each Load did weigh as much again.

One Evening coming home he made a ſtop,
 And wanting ſtrength, he let his Burden drop;
 Then ſate upon it, with a proud neglect,
 And ne'er till now did on himſelf reflect.

What Being's this call'd Man, and what am I?
 One of the Drudges of Mortality.

I've

I've cut down Wood enough, now Death attend,
And to my Life and Labour put an end:
With that the Grisly Skelleton appear'd,
And the old man was from his Senses scar'd :

Quoth Death, Old fellow, if you'd speak with me,
Ile give a period to your misery :

Oh No, sweet Sir, quoth the amazed Grandfire,
I wish it not, as I'm a living man Sir ;
I only did desire, because I'm weak,
And cannot lift this Burthen to my Neck,
That you'l be pleas'd, to lend a helping hand,
And I am yours, *hereafter*, to command.

Moral.

*Silly old Wretch, who living art oppress'd,
Yet dar'st not venture on Eternal rest.*

Upon

*Upon the Death of Edward Story, Esq; Master
of the Pond, and Principal of Bernards-Inn.*

LET all that read these Lines in Tears be ^{(drown'd,}
 L Since *Story's* dead, the Master of the *Pond*;
 What idle Tales fantastick Poets feign
 About God *Neptune*; and his stormy Main,
 That his Dominion's great, 'tis no such matter,
 What great Command can there be over Water?
 To *Story's* power 'twere Non-sence to compare it,
 For he was Master of a *Pond* of *Claret* :
 And he this *Scarlet Sea*, like *Moses*, --- did
 To all his Club of *Israelites* divide :
 And when too late at night some came in doz'd,
 The *Pond* o'er them, as o'er th' *Egyptians* clos'd.

This *Pond* was *Helicon*, where *Story* fate
 Like mighty *Phæbus*, in his Chair of State :
 His Tongue made Musick like *Apollo's* Lyre,
 Which when he us'd, he silenc'd, all the Quire;
 He had his Muses too, but more than Nine,
 Besides, they're of the Gender Masculine :

Of different Subjects every Muse did sing, (bring.
Which they from *Johns*, or *Grays-Inn* Walks did
Some Foreign Matters sang, another Muse,
In humble Stile, sang of Domestick News;
Some sang of bloody Plots against the Throne
And Government; another sang of none;
Till by some sign his pleasure was exprest,
Then all were quiet while he told a Jest.

And as this witty Club he kept in awe,
He headed too, a Body of the Law;
Yet for all that, as skilful as he was,
Death brought his *Action* without shewing *Cause*.
And ran him to the *Utlary* with such speed,
He had not time enough to supersede.
With all Mankind *Death* must his *Interest* clear,
But to call in the *Principle's* severe.

Upon

*Upon the Memory of Mr. John Sprat, late
Steward of Grayes-Inn.*

CAN any man in reason think it fit
That Death should eat a *Steward* at a Bit?
And in *one long Vacation* should devour,
What, in all Conscience, might have serv'd for *four*?
Had it been *Term-time* he'd have taken course
To have repell'd both him and all his Force.
Villainous Death! he would have plac'd a Chop
With every Dart that thou hast in thy Shop:
Thou durst not then attempt him (meager Glutton)
When he and's men were arm'd with *Beef & Mutton*;
Thou wert afraid to nibble at *John Sprat*
While *Barrel-Cod* and *Whitings* were in date,
His Voice disbanded thee, and all thy Troop,
When gracefully he gave the word, *Serve up*.
'Twas cowardly to take him, when *Ram Fruits*,
When *Turneps*, *Cucumbers*, and *Cabbage Roots*
Had chill'd his Blood: he had des'd being sick,
Had he surviv'd the time they call *Tres Mich'*.

But

But why had not thy hungry Maw been eas'd,
If *Tosborough* or *Taylor* thou hadst seiz'd ;
Those *single parts* of *Middle-piece* and *Rump*,
Infatiate thou ! to fall upon the *Chump*.
Since *busie Sprat* (our *Lives Trustee*) is dead,
The *Bottled Joyes* of *Norfolk* too are fled :
The *Thetford-Ale*, which won the hearts of *Youth*,
And made them chant his praise with open mouth :
Whom afterwards he'd greet in friendly sort,
Your Chamber, Sir, I think's in Coney Court.
When will't be opportune ---- to bring my Bill ?
D'stife, ne'r talk of that man ; when you will.
Then he (good man) who alwayes knew his time,
To Chamber-door would in the Morning climb.

Now trusty *Sprat* is gone, there will not come
So Generous a Steward in his Room :
He would in *younger Brothers* still confide :
Whose Parents do in Foreign Lands reside :
He entertain'd them well ; yet did not know
Whether their Friends were living there or no.
They scorn'd to come as *Commoners* to eat,
But took it as the *Noble Steward's Treat*.

Ah,

Ah cruel Hag! (though Muse be out of breath,
 Yet see! she'l have one parting blow at Death)
 Were there not equal Standers of the Hall,
 That thou didst call *Sprat* in a *private Call*?
 And, which is worse, by Tyrannous permission,
 He did go out before he did *petition*.
 Some Presidents 'tis likely we shall find
 Upon the Roll of *Commons* left behind;
 Which his *surviving* Friends (without a *Bribe*,
 It is believ'd) are willing to transcribe:
 Therefore 'tis hop'd (lest *Youth* should be perplex'd)
 That his *Executors* may *Go out* next.

His Epitaph.



Beneath this Stone, Reader, there lieth flat
 Upon his Back the trusty *Steward Sprat*:
 Disturb him not, for if he chance to stir,
 He'll say, *When shall I wait upon you, Sir?*

F I N I S.

